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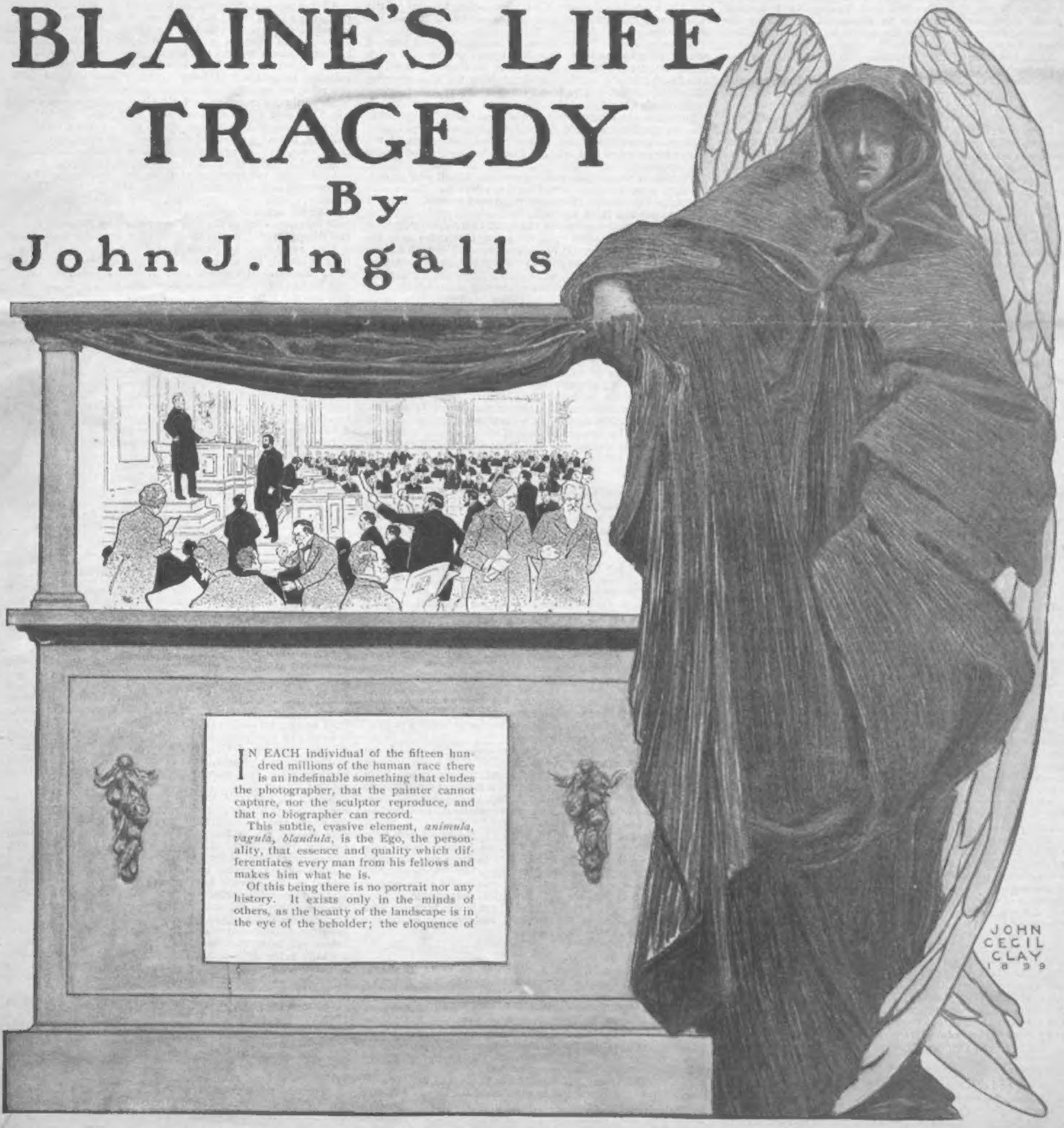
BLAINE'S LIFE TRAGEDY

By John J. Ingalls



IN EACH individual of the fifteen hundred millions of the human race there is an indefinable something that eludes the photographer, that the painter cannot capture, nor the sculptor reproduce, and that no biographer can record.

This subtle, evasive element, *animula, vagula, blandula*, is the Ego, the personality, that essence and quality which differentiates every man from his fellows and makes him what he is.

Of this being there is no portrait nor any history. It exists only in the minds of others, as the beauty of the landscape is in the eye of the beholder; the eloquence of

the oration, the spell of the song, the prosperity of the jest, in the ear of the hearer, and the charm of the woman beloved in the soul of her worshiper.

The mirror cannot tell us the image we leave in the consciousness of others, nor can we communicate to them the impression they make upon our own.

I remember the first time I saw General Grant—the evening before his second inauguration. I had seen innumerable pictures of him, and read countless sketches of his dimensions, bearing, features and apparel, so that I had his clear delineation in my mind. But the instant I held his hand, looked into his eyes and heard his voice, this disappeared like a dissolving view from the screen of a cosmorama, and was succeeded by another which is imperishable, but which art cannot copy nor language portray.

ONE OF THE RAREST OF ALL GIFTS

The secret of personal popularity, the power of exciting irrational and vehement devotion to its object, has never been detected. If it is not possessed it cannot be acquired. It is an art for which there is no text-book nor any teacher. A man may well enough say he will be learned, upright, successful, respected, a politician or a diplomat, but not that he will be the idol of the people. This is beyond his acumen. The gift is rare. Its beneficiary seldom appears oftener than once in a generation. It is quite independent of endowment and capacity. Calhoun was a greater man than Clay, and Webster was intellectually far the superior of either; but Clay aroused in the masses of his party a passionate fervor of adoration that was like religious fanaticism in its intensity.

When he was defeated men wept with emotions of irreparable personal sorrow and inconsolable bereavement. His speeches that have come down to us, and the achievements of his career offer no solution of the mystery. It is as inexplicable as the sway of Mary Filton, the dark, dwarfish maid-of-honor whose faithlessness wrung from Shakespeare's tortured spirit the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Sonnet, or the surrender of Antony to Cleopatra, for whom the infatuated conqueror thought the world, with its thrones and triumphs, well lost.

As in the case of Clay, posterity will be equally at a loss to comprehend the tremendous sovereignty and dominion of Blaine over the masses of the Republican party, and his contemporaries in every party, with whom he came in personal touch and communication, for the last twenty years of his life.

There were giants in those days, warriors and statesmen, between whom and Blaine, in service, capacity and equipment, there was no comparison. Other reputations may far surpass his in the annals of the Macaulay of our times, but in the power to move and stir and thrill, to inspire uncontrollable enthusiasm, the name of Blaine, like that of Abou-ben-Ahdem, will lead all the rest. Other leaders were admired, loved, honored, revered, respected; but the sentiment for Blaine was delirium. The mention of his name in the convention was the signal for a cyclone. Applause was a paroxysm. His appearance in a campaign aroused frenzy that was like the madness of intoxication.

BLAINE AS SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

In 1876 Blaine was in his perihelion. Barring the three great military chieftains he was the foremost figure in the Republic. His orbit hitherto had been planetary rather than meteoric. His progress upward was gradual and orderly. His apprenticeship in the Maine Legislature gave him advantage in Congress, where he took his seat December 7, 1863. He spoke seldom, and did not at first impress himself very powerfully upon the House. He was studious, ready and attentive, and in his second term came into prominence, largely by his altercation with Conkling in the case of Provost-Marshal General Fry, a quarrel whose consequences cost him the Presidency, and ended only with his life.

He was chosen Speaker the day of Grant's first inauguration, and served three terms with great distinction. He was an ideal presiding officer. He had the parliamentary instinct. His acquaintance with rules, practice and precedents of procedure was accurate. His memory of names, faces and localities seemed automatic. His mental processes were exceedingly rapid and precise. His decisions of points of order in debate were usually offhand and very seldom reversed. His facility in counting a rising vote was phenomenal. Holding the head of the gavel, he swept the circuit of the House with the handle, announcing the result so promptly that it seemed like a feat of legerdemain. He explained that he segregated the members into blocks of ten.

His relations with the House seemed intimate and personal rather than official, and he regarded himself as its minister and not its master.

THE SPEECH THAT MADE BLAINE FAMOUS

The Forty-fourth Congress was Democratic, and March 3, 1875, Blaine resumed his seat as Representative of the Third District of Maine.

In January, 1876, the bill for general amnesty to all Southerners was brought forward, and Blaine opposed the extension to Jefferson Davis upon the ground that as Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate armies he was directly responsible for the horrors and atrocities of Andersonville.

The debate caused intense interest and excitement North and South, and through the efforts of Blaine and Garfield amnesty was defeated.

Blaine said: "I except Jefferson Davis on the ground that he was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily and wilfully, of the gigantic murders and crimes at Andersonville. I have taken occasion to read some of the historic cruelties of the world. I have read over the details of those atrocious murders of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, which are always mentioned with a thrill of horror throughout Christendom. I have read the details of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew that stands out in history as one of the atrocities beyond imagination. I have read anew the horrors untold and unimaginable of the Spanish Inquisition. And I here, before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, nor the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, nor the thumbscrews and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition, begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crime of Andersonville!"

The Southern Democracy never forgave this utterance.

As the end of Grant's second term drew near the contest for the succession became animated.

Conkling was the Administration candidate, and strangely enough, as it seems in the light of events, he was the favorite of the gamblers and bookmakers, and had the hurrah at Washington. Those best informed regarded Morton as the strongest candidate. He was aggressively radical, and relied largely upon the support of the South, which sent delegates, but cast no votes.

After the Andersonville debate Blaine developed phenomenal strength both in New England and the West. Many States hitherto supposed to be safe for other candidates trod on each other's heels in their eagerness to choose Blaine delegations. Early in April the managers of the machine saw with rage and consternation that Blaine would start with more votes than Morton and Conkling combined, and unless the movement in his favor was checked he would stampede the convention.

Back-firing is a favorite method of arresting the spread of a conflagration. It is not unknown in politics.

Vague, intangible rumors affecting Blaine's personal and official integrity were set afloat at Indianapolis and other places in the West, and repeated in New York. It was alleged in obscure journals catalogued as Republican that as Speaker of the House he had used his power in favor of certain Western railroads from which he had received vast sums in money, stock and bonds as compensation.

It was not difficult, after the Jeff Davis episode, to induce a Democratic House to appoint a committee to investigate these accusations, but Blaine for the time baffled the conspirators by a personal statement on the floor April 24, 1876.

BLAINE'S NERVE IN THE MULLIGAN CASE

On May 2 a resolution was introduced to investigate an alleged purchase by the Union Pacific Railway, at a price much greater than their actual value, of certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company, of which it was whispered Blaine was the owner.

He insisted upon prompt and immediate examination of the charges, but his enemies were in no hurry. They wanted the black cloud of distrust and suspicion to darken the splendor of his fame and cast its ominous shadow over the convention.

It was an epoch of sensations. The country was startled one morning by the story that Mulligan, a confidential clerk of Blaine's Boston broker, had arrived in Washington with a bundle of Blaine's letters, purloined from the files, showing his relations with the railroad companies and conclusively establishing his guilt.

Suddenly the announcement was made that Blaine, after offering Mulligan a place in the foreign service, and threatening to commit suicide, had obtained possession of the letters by an act of bad faith, and that they would not appear in evidence.

The whole transaction was mysterious, and it may as well be said here as elsewhere that its effect on Blaine was distinctly injurious. He never recovered from it. It left a stain, vague and faint, but indelible.

The correspondence, under the most charitable interpretation, betrayed indiscretion, if no more, that came near the frontier of culpability. It furnished his enemies with ammunition to which his supporters interposed no armor save silence.

But Blaine was fertile in resources and a born tragedian. Conscious that it would be fatal to rest under the imputation that he had secured the letters in order to stifle damaging disclosures, he decided on a *coup de théâtre*, rose Monday morning, June 5, to a question of privilege, and hurled defiance at his foes.

He stood on a narrow neck of land.

The convention at Cincinnati was to assemble one week from the following Wednesday. His friends were perturbed and restless. His rivals sneered. His enemies were noisily exultant. The Democratic majority was eager to convict. The stake was enormous. The situation was dramatic. He had the nation for his audience. When he began there was silence deep as death, and the boldest held his breath for a while.

THE THUNDERBOLT THAT WON THE DAY

Reciting the resolution, he briefly reviewed its objects and the purposes and methods of his accusers. He denied the power of the House to compel the production of his private correspondence, and particularly the letters purloined by Mulligan.

He affirmed his readiness for any extremity of contest in defense of his sacred right, and then added, with immense emphasis: "And while I am so, I am not afraid to show the letters. Thank God Almighty I am not ashamed to show them! There they are"—holding a packet at arm's length above his head. "There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification I do not attempt to conceal, with a sense of the outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk."

They were not pleasant reading, but Blaine had a thunderbolt in reserve. At the close, turning to the Chairman of the committee having the investigation in charge, after a preliminary colloquy Blaine said:

"I tell the gentleman from Kentucky now, and I am prepared to state to this House, that at eight o'clock last Thursday morning, or thereabouts, the gentleman from Kentucky received and receipted for a message addressed to him from Josiah Caldwell, in London, completely and absolutely exonerating me from these accusations, and that he has suppressed it!"

This put Proctor Knott in a hole. He could not deny that he had received a message, because he had incautiously shown it to a Democratic friend, who in some way conveyed the information to Blaine, and thus gave him the opportunity of turning the tables upon his adversaries by showing that their object was not justice, but political persecution.

Knott claimed that this pretended cable was bogus, a fake made up this side of the Atlantic, and palmed off on the committee for this specific use.

There was room for suspicion, but Blaine won. It was an unprecedented forensic triumph, though far enough from a moral vindication. The people like nerve, sand and intrepidity, and attach small importance to political indictments. Their sympathies go out to the man who fights against desperate odds and succeeds.

There have been many turbulent and disorderly episodes in the House of Representatives, but no one who witnessed this gladiatorial combat will ever forget the uproar, the uncontrollable frenzy and tumultuous thunder of that historic day. Every one seemed to have eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner. A yelling mob of trespassers broke past the guards and turned the floor into a bedlam. The crowded galleries howled with derision at the puny efforts of the Chair to enforce the rules and preserve order. It would have been as easy for Nero to keep silence in the Coliseum when the Christians were fed to the lions.

A FAINTING SPELL THAT COST A NOMINATION

The Sunday morning in Washington preceding the Cincinnati Convention was suffocatingly still, hot and breathless.

I was sitting by the window in my apartments at 1411 H Street when Blaine, with his wife and Miss Dodge ("Gail Hamilton"), walked slowly eastward on their way to the Congregational Church at the corner of Tenth and G Streets. He was a little in advance of the ladies, and was sunken, apparently, in the profoundest reverie. He appeared heavily dressed for the oppressive day, and one hand was thrust in the breast of his closely buttoned frock coat.

His head hung heavily forward, and his gaze seemed bent vacantly on the ground at his feet. His countenance had a deadly pallor, and I was hardly surprised to hear a few moments afterward that he had fallen unconscious in the vestibule while entering the church, and had been taken home apparently dying.

Later in the day I went around to his house. He was lying on a bed, partly undressed and still unconscious. His eyes were fixed, and he breathed stertorously at laborious intervals. I never expected to see him alive again.

The following Friday evening, going down Fourteenth Street after an early dinner with a friend on Highland Terrace, I saw an immense throng reading the bulletins before the telegraph office on the Avenue.

The announcement of Wheeler's nomination as Vice-President had just been chalked on the board, and was received with silence that could be felt.

After a contest between such giants as Blaine, Morton, Conkling and Bristow, the outcome of Hayes and Wheeler seemed disrespectful, and like an affront, as when the star performers in an opera are replaced by understudies, and the audience clamor around the box-office and want their money back. It was a most lame and impotent conclusion. The political mountain had been in labor and brought forth two mice.

Suddenly the crowd turned simultaneously eastward with eager gestures. The air was dense with hats. Convulsive, volcanic cries and shoutings broke out, exulting and sympathetic, but with a tone of vengeance and rage penetrating the uproar, like the savage acclamation which welcomes the victim of injustice escaping from cruel oppressors.

Looking for the cynosure of these neighboring eyes I saw on the back seat of an open barouche, with Secretary Fish by his side, slowly driving up the Avenue, Blaine, bareheaded, bowing his acknowledgments to the salutations of the multitude that dispersed as the carriage turned up Fifteenth Street and disappeared. It was like one risen from the dead.

This sunstroke, or physical collapse, whatever it was, unquestionably had a depressing effect upon Blaine's prospects at Cincinnati. His rivals industriously spread the report that he was stricken with apoplexy, and even if the termination was not fatal, his bodily and mental faculties would be permanently impaired.

Robust health, capacity to endure strain, tough fibre and a placid temperament are indispensable requisites for a Presidential candidate. The White House is no place for a valetudinarian, a dyspeptic, or a nervous invalid. The importunate selfishness of place-hunters, the inconsiderate thoughtlessness of village idols who wish to pay their respects; of visitors who desire to shake hands, added to the legitimate demands of Senators, Representatives and officials, together with the requirements of public duties, would drive a weakling to Saint Elizabeth's or the grave.

Like a lawyer, however bad his conscience may be, the President must have a good stomach.

His friends spared no effort to counteract this unforeseen calamity. And their solicitude was partially allayed by this telegram, which he sent from his sick-chamber:

> "I am entirely convalescent. Suffering only from physical weakness. Impress upon my friends the great depth of gratitude I feel for the unparalleled steadfastness with which they have adhered to me in my hour of trial."

THE STORY OF THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION

The convention met Wednesday, June 14. The next day the roll of States was called alphabetically for nominations.

Connecticut presented Marshall Jewell, a majolica statesman in pumps and ruffles, with a porcelain smile, whom Grant had summarily dismissed from his Cabinet for disloyalty to his chief.

Richard W. Thompson—born the same year as Lincoln, and a Whig member of Congress during the presidency of John Tyler, the apostate—named Morton, of Indiana, the Dauton of Republicanism; a sombre giant, paralyzed below his hips, whose physical disability prevented the opponents of Blaine from uniting on him as their candidate.

Kentucky nominated Bristow, who had secretly conspired with the enemies of Grant, while Secretary of the Treasury under him, and became, therefore, the logical representative of the Superior Persons who advocate sweetness and light in politics.

Robert G. Ingersoll, then of Illinois, presented Blaine as the "Plumed Knight," a ridiculous *sobriquet*, suggestive of the circus and the theatre, in a speech otherwise of remarkable power, which first gave the great agnostic national renown. Woodford, of New York, nominated Conkling, whose desire for revenge knew no satiety.

Ohio named Hayes, on whom the opponents of Blaine united on the seventh ballot, and Pennsylvania nominated Hartranft as a "favorite son," to enable Cameron to throw the delegation to Bristow or Hayes, though Blaine received thirty of the fifty-eight at the end.

Friday the convention proceeded to vote. Six ballots were taken, 378 being necessary for choice. Blaine led in each, his tally being 285, 296, 293, 292, 286, 308. In the sixth ballot Morton and Conkling were out. It was evident the seventh would be decisive by a combination either on Bristow or Hayes.

Blaine was sitting in the library of his house on Fifteenth Street in Washington at this hour. A telegraph instrument was on the table, with his secretary at the key. He was just recovering from the stroke that prostrated him Sunday morning. As the details of the seventh ballot came in, State after State, the tension was extreme. Blaine alone seemed self-possessed and unmoved.

Arkansas transferred her vote from Morton to Blaine. The Morton votes from Florida were also given to him. The chances all seemed in Blaine's favor till Indiana was reached,

when the Chairman of the delegation withdrew the name of Morton and cast twenty-five votes for Hayes and five for Bristow. When Kentucky was called, Harlan withdrew the name of Bristow and cast twenty-seven votes for Hayes, who was nominated, receiving 384 to 351 for Blaine.

Blaine made one suppressive exclamation of surprise, and immediately wrote this dispatch to Governor Hayes:

"I offer you my sincerest congratulations on your nomination. It will be my highest pleasure as well as my first political duty to do the utmost in my power to promote your election. The earliest moments of my returning and confirmed health will be devoted to securing you as large a vote in Maine as she would have given for myself."

He spoke in twelve States. His reception was that of a victor, but he showed great fatigue, and his health was unequal to the strain.

In fact, Blaine was a hypochondriac. His life was a hand-to-hand contest with imaginary diseases, which is itself a disease, due, perhaps, to some hereditary or prenatal lesion, and hence obscure and fatal. In his speaking tours he soon grew hoarse and husky, and became depressed.

His colleague, Hannibal Hamlin, the former Vice-President, told me there had never been a time since he had been acquainted with Blaine when, if three friends were to meet him one after the other in the morning on his way down-town and greet him successively with the exclamation, "Why, what is the matter? How ill you look!" that, though feeling perfectly well when he started, he would not immediately return home, go to bed, and send for the doctor. This was no doubt humorous exaggeration, but it illustrated his mental attitude toward himself, which was one of brooding and foreboding introspection.

As early as 1867 he visited Europe, mainly to consult an eminent French physician at Paris about some symptoms that gave him alarm, but after examination the doctor laughed at him, and gave him a prescription, at which every one else laughed when Blaine told the story.

Soon after the convention (July 19, 1876) Blaine was appointed United States Senator *vice* Morrill, who became Secretary of the Treasury under Grant. When the Legislature met he was elected for the unexpired term, and for the full term ending March 4, 1883.

HIS APPEARANCE, HABITS AND CHARACTER

He was forty-six, and his powers were at their meridian. He was above the middle height, of large frame and heavy proportions, but extremely agile and alert in his carriage, with an erect and martial bearing. The dead pallor of his complexion was framed in iron gray hair and beard, always carefully trimmed. His large mouth was set diagonally from left to right. His nose was heavy, bulbous and pendulous; his eyes mirthful and inquisitive, with heavy lids drooping exteriorly, and bulging sacs beneath.

His attire was always costly and in the mode, but not expressed in fancy. His voice, though neither rich nor well-modulated, had resonance and penetration. His manners were affable, familiar and cordial, with dignified gravity enough on occasion. In conversation he was vivacious and good-humored rather than witty, with great fondness for clean jokes, apt anecdotes, odd incidents and reminiscences, and pertinent illustrations. He was inclined to be noisy and boisterous if time served, with much laughter. He liked to "jolly" his intimates, but was domestic rather than convivial in his habits.

His chief mistakes came from desire for money, which he wanted not for itself, but for the power it brings. He was liberal in his way of life, but not ostentatious, and his table was always spread for hospitality.

He studied the arts of the politician assiduously; the recognition of unimportant men seldom seen; small personal attentions to rustics, and was a most inveterate advertiser.

He had no fear of traditions, and took an active part in the business of the Senate from the first. He had a great nose for majorities, was a good guesser, and instinctively took the popular side of open questions.

The Senate has always been controlled by lawyers, who are the aristocratic class in the United States, and Blaine was at a disadvantage because he did not belong to the profession.

The law lords were disposed to disparage and flout him, but he was disrespectful to the verge of irreverence.

"Does the Senator from Maine think I am an idjit (idiot)?" roared Thurman, in reply to an interrogatory Blaine put to him one day in the Pacific railroad debate.

"Well," bellowed Blaine, "that depends entirely on the answer you make to my question!" which gave the merry ha-ha to the old Roman.

SCORING A POINT IN THE SENATE

He spoke at length on silver, Chinese exclusion, the Electoral Commission, protection and the American marine, and troops at the polls.

This paragraph is a good illustration of his methods in debate. Replying to the charge that soldiers were used to intimidate Southern Democratic voters, he said:

"The entire South has 1155 soldiers to overrun, oppress and destroy the liberties of 15,000,000 people. In the Southern States there are 1203 counties. If you distribute the soldiers there is not quite one for each county. If you distribute them territorially there is one for every 700 square miles of territory. So that if you make a territorial distribution I would remind the honorable Senator from Delaware, if I saw him in his seat, that the quota for his State would be three: 'One ragged Sergeant and two abreast,' as the old song has it, is the force ready to destroy the liberties of Delaware."

His speeches were like leading editorials rather than orations. He spoke with extreme rapidity and violent gestures, but never slopped over. He was brilliant and interesting, but never sank into eloquence, as that word goes.

Even his eulogy on Garfield, perhaps his most ambitious effort, reads like an essay rather than a panegyric.

Without ascribing to Blaine the absence of convictions, it is not unjust to catalogue him as an opportunist. He was not so much a student as a specialist.

He wrote little and read less, but devoured newspapers omnivorously. His intellectual efforts were what the doctors call *pro re nata*.

But in running debate, which is like a duel with swords, Blaine was the Cyrano de Bergerac of his generation. Imperturbable, versatile, confident, never disconcerted, at the last line he hit.

Editor's Note—In ex-Senator Ingalls' series of political reminiscences this is the first of two papers on Blaine's Life Tragedy. The second article will appear in the next issue of the Post.

The Nobleness of OSWALD

By E. Nesbit

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THE part about his nobleness only comes at the end, but you would not understand it unless you knew how it began. It began, like nearly everything else we children did just then, with treasure-seeking.

We had several ideas about that time, but having so little chink always stood in the way. This was the case with H. O.'s idea of setting up a cocoanut stand on this side of the heath, where there are none generally. We had no sticks or wooden balls, and the green-grocer said he could not book so many as twelve dozen cocoanuts without Mr. Bastable's written order. And when Alice dressed up Pincher in some of the doll's clothes and we made up our minds to take him around with an organ as soon as we had taught him to dance, we were stopped at once by Dickie's remembering how he had heard that an organ cost seven hundred pounds. Of course this was the big church kind, but even the ones on three legs cannot be got for one and sevenpence, which was all we had when we first thought of it. So we gave that up, too.

It was a wet day, I remember, and mutton hash for dinner—very tough, with pale gravy with lumps in it. I think the others would have left a good deal on the sides of their plates, although they know better, only Oswald said it was a savory stew made of red deer that Edward shot. So then we were the children of the New Forest, and the mutton tasted much better. No one in the New Forest minds venison being tough and the gravy pale.

Then we had some licorice water to wind up with, and then Dickie said: "This reminds me."

So we said, "What of?"

Dickie answered us at once, though his mouth was full of bread with licorice stuck in it to look like cake. You should not speak with your mouth full, even to your relations; and you should not wipe your mouth on the back of your hand, but on your handkerchief, if you have one. Dickie did not do this. He said:

"Every one in the world wants money. Some people get it. The people who get it are the people who see things. I have seen one thing."

Oswald said, "Out with it."

"I see that glass bottles only cost a penny. H. O., if you dare to snigger I'll send you around selling old bottles, and you sha'n't have any sweets except out of the money you get for them. And the same with you, Noel."

"Noel wasn't sniggering," said Alice in a hurry; "it is only his taking so much interest in what you were saying makes him look like that. Be quiet, H. O. Do go on, Dickie, dear."

So Dickie went on.

"There must be hundreds of millions of bottles of medicine sold every year, because all the different medicines say, 'Thousands of cures daily'; and if you only take that as two thousand, which it must be at least, it amounts up. And the people who sell them must make a great deal of money by them, because they are nearly always two and ninepence the bottle, and three and sixpence for one nearly double the size. Now the bottles, as I was saying, don't cost anything like that."

"It's the medicine that costs the money," said Dora; "look how expensive jujubes are at the chemist's."

"That's only because they're nice," Dickie explained; "nasty things are not dear. Look what a lot of brimstone you get for a penny, and the same with alum. We would not put the nice kinds of chemist's things in our medicines."

Then he went on to tell us that when we had invented our medicine we would write and tell the editor about it, and he would put it in the paper, and then people would send their two and ninepence, and three and six for the bottle nearly double the size, and then when the medicine had cured them they would write to the paper and their letters would be printed, saying how they had been sufferers for years and never thought to get about again, but thanks to the blessing of our ointment——

Dora interrupted and said, "Not ointment; it's so messy"; and Alice thought so, too. And Dickie said he did not mean it; he was quite decided to let it be in bottles. So now it was all settled, and we only had to invent the medicine.

Dora wanted it to be something to make the complexion of dazzling fairness; but we remembered what her face was like when she washed it with coal tar soap, and she agreed that perhaps it was better not. Noel wanted to make the medicine first, and then find out what it cured; but Dickie thought not, because there are so many more medicines than there are things the matter with you, so it would be easier to choose the disease first.

Oswald would have liked wounds. I still think it was a good idea, and if we had done that, what followed would not have been so, but Dickie said, "Who has wounds, anyway—especially now there aren't any wars? We shouldn't sell a bottle a day!" So Oswald gave in, because he knows what manners are, and it was Dickie's idea. H. O. wanted a cure for the uncomfortable feeling that they give you powders for, but we explained to him that grown-up people do not have this feeling, however much they eat, and he agreed. Dickie said he didn't care a straw what the loathsome disease was, so long as we settled on something; and then Alice said, "It ought to be something very common, and only one thing. Not the pains in the back and all the hundreds of things the people have in somebody's syrup. What's the commonest thing of all?"

And at once we all said, "Colds."

So that was settled.

Then we wrote out a label to go on the bottle. When it was written it would not go on the vinegar bottle that we had got, but we knew it would go small when it was printed. It was like this:

BASTABLE'S

CERTAIN CURE FOR COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA AND SHORTNESS OF BREATH, AND ALL INFECTIONS OF THE CHEST.

One dose gives immediate relief.

It will cure your cold in one bottle, especially the large size at three and six.

Order at once of the Makers to prevent disappointment.

Makers: D. O. R. A. N. and H. O. BASTABLE,
150, Lewisham Road, S. E.

A halfpenny for all bottles returned.

Of course the next thing was for one of us to catch a cold and try what cured it. We all wanted to be the one, but it was Dickie's idea, and he said he wasn't going to be done out of it, so we let him. It was only fair. He left off his vest that very day, and next morning he stood in a draught in his nightgown for quite a long while. And we damped his day-shirt with the nailbrush before he put it on. But all was in vain. They always tell you that those things will give you cold, but we found that it was not so.

So then we all went over to the Park, and Dickie went right into the water with his boots on, and stood there as long as he could bear it, for it was rather cold, and we stood and cheered him on. He walked home in his wet clothes, which they say is a sure thing; but it was no go, though his boots were quite spoiled. And three days after Noel began to cough and sneeze.

So then Dickie said it was not fair.

"I can't help it," Noel said; "you should have caught the cold yourself, then it wouldn't have come to me."

And Alice said she had known all along that Noel oughtn't to have stood about on the bank cheering in the cold.

Noel had to go to bed, and then we began to make the medicines. We were sorry he was out of it, but he had the fun of taking the things.

We made a great many medicines. Alice made herb tea. She got sage and thyme and savory and marjoram, and

So then we all went over to the Park, and Dickie went right into the water with his boots on, and stood there as long as he could bear it

boiled them all up together with salt and water; but she would put parsley in, too. Oswald is sure parsley is not an herb. It is only put on the cold meat, and you are not supposed to eat it. It kills parrots to eat parsley, I believe. I expect it was the parsley that disagreed so with Noel. The medicine did not seem to do the cough any good.

Oswald got a pennyworth of slum, because it is so cheap, and some turpentine, which everybody knows is good for colds, and a little sugar and an aniseed ball. These were mixed in a bottle with water, but Eliza threw it away, and I hadn't any money to get more things with.

Dick mixed up lemon juice and sugar and a little of the juice of the red flannel that Noel's throat was done up in. It comes out beautifully in hot water. Noel took this and he liked it.

Noel's own idea was licorice, and we let him have it; but it was too plain and black to sell in bottles at the proper price. He liked H. O.'s medicine the best, which was silly of him, because it was only peppermints melted in hot water and a little cobalt to make it look blue. It's all right, because H. O.'s paint box is the French kind, with "*Couleurs non vénéneuses*" on it. This means you can suck your brushes if you want to, or even the paints, if you are a very little boy.

It was rather jolly while Noel had that cold. He had a fire in his bedroom, which opens out of Dickie's and Oswald's, and the girls used to read aloud to Noel all day; they will not read aloud to you when you are well. Father was away at Liverpool on business, and Albert's uncle was at Hastings. We were rather glad of this, because we wished to give all the medicines a fair trial, and grown-ups are much too fond of interfering. As if we would have given him anything poisonous!

His cold went on—it was worse in his head, but it was not one of the kind where he has to have poultices and cannot sit up in bed. But when it had been in his head a week, Oswald happened to tumble over Alice on the stairs. When they got up she was crying.

"Don't cry, silly," Oswald said; "you know I didn't hurt you."

He was very sorry if he had hurt her; but you ought not to sit on the stairs in the dark and let other people stumble over you. You ought to remember how beastly it is for them if they do hurt you.

"Oh, it's not that, Oswald," Alice said; "don't be a pig. I am so miserable. Do be kind to me."

So Oswald thumped her on the back and told her to shut up. He is never unkind to those in distress.

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"It's about Noel," she said. "I'm sure he's very ill; and playing about with medicines is all very well, but I know he's ill—and Eliza won't send for the doctor; she says it's only a cold. And I know the doctor's bills are awful—I heard father telling Aunt Emily so in the summer. But he is ill, and perhaps he'll die, or something."

Then she began to cry again. Oswald thumped her again, because he knows how a good brother ought to behave, and said, "Cheer up." If we had been in a book, Oswald would have embraced his little sister tenderly, and mingled his tears with hers.

Then Oswald said: "Why not write to father?"

And she cried more and more, and said, "I've lost the paper with the address. H. O. had it to draw on the back of, and I can't find it now. I've looked everywhere. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. No, I won't. But I'm going out. Don't tell the others; and, I say, Oswald, do pretend I'm in, if Eliza asks. Promise."

"Tell me what you're going to do," Oswald said. But she said, "No," and there was a good reason why not. So he said he wouldn't promise if it came to that. Of course he meant to, all right, but it did seem mean of her not to tell her kind brother. So Alice went out by the side door while Eliza was setting tea, and she was a long time gone. She was not in to tea. When Eliza asked Oswald where Alice was, he said perhaps she was tidying her corner drawer. Girls often do this, and it takes a long time. Noel coughed a good bit after tea and asked for Alice. Oswald told him she was doing something, and it was a secret. Oswald did not tell any lies even to save his sister. When Alice came back she was very tired, but she whispered to Oswald that it was all right. When it was rather late, Eliza said she was going out to post a letter. This always takes her an hour, because she will go to the post-office across the heath, instead of the pillar box. A boy once dropped fusees in our pillar box and burned the letters. It was not any of us. Eliza told us about it. And when there was a knock at the door we thought it was Eliza come back and that she had forgotten the back-door key. We made H. O. go down to open the door, because it is his place to run about. His legs are younger than ours. And we heard boots on the stairs besides H. O.'s—and we listened spellbound till the door opened, and it was Albert's uncle, and he blinked as he came in, because we had made up such a jolly good fire.

"I am glad you've come," Oswald said; "Alice began to think Noel——"

Alice stopped him, and her face was very red; her nose was shiny, too, with having cried so much before tea.

She said, "I only said I thought he ought to have the doctor. Don't you think he ought?" She got hold of Albert's uncle and held on to him.

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"Let's have a look at you, young man," said Albert's uncle, and he sat down on the edge of the bed. It is a rather shaky bed. The bar that keeps it steady underneath got broken when we were playing burglars last winter. It was our crowbar. He began to feel Noel's pulse, and went on talking:

"It was revealed to the great Arab physician, as he made merry in his tents on the pathless plains of Hastings, that the Presence had a cold in its head. So he immediately seated himself on the magic carpet and bade it bear him hither, only pausing in the flight to buy a few sweetmeats in the bazaar."

He pulled out a jolly lot of chocolates, and he had brought some butterscotch and grapes for Noel. When we had said "Thank you," he went on:

"The physician's are the words of wisdom; it is high time this kid was asleep. I have spoken. Ye have my leave to depart."

So we bunked, and Dora and Albert's uncle made Noel comfortable for the night. Then they came to the nursery, which we had gone down to, and he sat down in the Guy Fawkes chair and said, "Now, then."

Alice said, "You may tell them what I did. I dare say they'll all be in a wax, but I don't care."

"I think you were very wise," said Albert's uncle, pulling her close to him. "I am very glad you telegraphed."

So, then, Oswald understood what Alice's secret was. She had gone out and sent a telegram to Albert's uncle at Hastings. Afterward she told me what she had put in the telegram. It was:

"Come home. We have given Noel a cold, and I think we are killing him."

With the address it came to tenpence halfpenny.

Then Albert's uncle began to ask questions, and it all came out, how Dickie had tried to catch the cold, and about the medicines and all. Albert's uncle looked very serious.

"Look here," he said, "you're old enough not to play the fool like this. Health is the best thing you've got. You ought to know better than to play about with it in this way. You might have killed your little brother."

"We gave him medicine," said Dickie, and then we had to tell him exactly what medicines.

"Oh, it's not that, Oswald," Alice said; "don't be a pig. I am so miserable. Do be kind to me"

"Well," he said, "you've had a lucky escape; but poor Noel——"

"Oh, do you think he's going to die?" Alice asked that, and she was crying again, and so were some of the others.

"No, no," said Albert's uncle; "but look here! Do you see how silly you've been? And I thought you promised your father——" and then he gave us a long talking to. He can make you feel most awfully small. At last he stopped, and we said we were very sorry, and he said:

"You know I promised to take you all to the pantomime."

So we said, "Yes," and we knew but too well that now he wasn't going to. Then he went on:

"Well, I will take you if you like, or I will take Noel to the sea for a week to cure his cold. Which is it to be?"

Of course he knew we would say, "Take Noel," and we did, but Dickie told us afterward he thought it was hard on H. O.

Albert's uncle stayed till Eliza came in, and then he said "Good-night" in a way that showed us all was forgiven and forgotten. So we went to bed. It must have been the middle of the night when Oswald woke up suddenly, and there was Alice, with her teeth chattering, shaking him to wake him.

"Oh, Oswald," she said, "I am so unhappy. Suppose I should die in the night?"

Oswald told her to go to bed and not gas. But she said, "I must tell you; I wish I'd told Albert's uncle. I'm a thief, and if I die to-night I know where thieves go to."

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So Oswald saw it was no good, and he sat up in bed, though he was very sleepy, and said, "Go ahead."

So Alice stood shivering in her nightgown and said:

"I hadn't enough money for the telegram, so I took the bad sixpence out of the exchequer. And I paid for it with that and the fivepence I had, and I wouldn't tell you, because if you'd stopped me doing it I couldn't have borne it, and if you'd helped me you'd have been a thief, too. And it's quite enough to have one of us a criminal robber. Oh, what shall I do?"

Oswald thought a minute and then he said:

"You'd better have told me. But I think it will be all right if we pay it back. Cross with you? No, stupid! Only another time you'd better not keep secrets." So she kissed Oswald, and he let her, and she went back to bed.

The next day Albert's uncle took Noel away, before Oswald had time to persuade Alice that we ought to tell him about the sixpence. Alice was very unhappy, but not so much as in the night; you can be very miserable indeed in the night if you have done anything wrong and you happen to be awake. I know this for a fact.

None of us had any money except Eliza, and she wouldn't give us any unless we said what for, and of course we could not do that because of the honor of the family. And Oswald was anxious to get the sixpence to give to the telegraph people, because he feared that the badness of that sixpence might have been found out, and that the police might come up for Alice at any moment. I don't think I ever had such an unhappy day. Of course we could have written to Albert's uncle, but it would have taken a long time, and every delay added to Alice's danger. We thought and thought, but we couldn't think of any way to get that sixpence. It seems a small sum, but Alice's liberty depended on it, and though Oswald was very anxious to be noble he could not think of any good way. It was quite late in the afternoon when Oswald and I met his friend Mrs. Leslie on the Parade. She had a brown fur coat and a lot of yellow flowers in her hands. She stopped to speak to us and asked how the poet was. I told her he had a cold, and I wondered if she would lend me the sixpence if I asked her, but I could not make up my mind how to begin to say it. She talked to Oswald for a bit, and then she suddenly got into a cab and said: "I'd no idea it was so late," and told the man where to go. And just as she started she shoved the yellow flowers through the window and said to Oswald: "For the sick poet, with my love," and was driven off.

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Gentle reader, I will not conceal from you what Oswald did. He knew all about not disgracing the family, and he did not like doing what I am going to say; they were really Noel's flowers, only he could not have them sent to Hastings, and Oswald knew he would say "Yes" if Oswald asked him. Oswald sacrificed his family pride because of his little sister's danger. I do not say he was a noble boy—that is what others said of the way he behaved. I just tell you what he did, and you can decide for yourself about the nobleness.

He put on his oldest clothes. They are much older than any you would think he had if you saw him when he is tidy; and he took those yellow chrysanthemums, and he walked with them to Greenwich Station and waited for the trains bringing people from London. He sold those flowers in penny bunches and he got tenpence by it.

Then he went to the telegraph office and said to the lady there: "A little girl gave you a bad sixpence yesterday. Here are six good pennies."

The lady said she had not noticed it, and never mind, but Oswald knew that "honesty is the best policy," and he would not deign to take back the pennies. So she said she would put them in the plate on Sunday. She is a nice lady. I like the way she does her hair.

Then Oswald went home to Alice and told her, and she hugged him and said he was a dear, good, kind boy, and he said, "Oh, it's all right."

We bought peppermint bull's-eyes with the fourpence we had over, and the others wanted to know where we got the money, but we would not tell. Only afterward, when Noel came home, we told him, because they were his flowers, and he said I was quite right. He made some poetry about it. I only remember one bit of it:

"The noble youth of high degree
Consents to play a menial part,
All for his sister Alice's sake,
Who was so dear to his faithful heart."

But Oswald himself has never bragged about what he did.

We got no treasure out of this—unless you count the peppermint bulls' eyes.

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THREE FAMOUS NAMES IN A GIRL'S ALBUM

AT ONE time Sir Edwin Arnold and his daughter were guests at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama. Among their friends at that establishment were Admiral George E. Belknap, of the American Navy, and Sir Nowell Salmon, the British Admiral. Upon the young girl's birthday each officer wrote a congratulatory poem in her album. Delighted with their work, she ran to her father with the book. He read the verses and, taking a pen, wrote on the third page:

TO MY DAUGHTER

On receiving complimentary verses from Admiral Belknap, Commander-in-Chief of the United States of America Asiatic Squadron, and Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, commanding Her Majesty's China Squadron.

Oh, happy maid! whom two great Flags conspire
To honor, blending such melodious posies.
When Admirals rhyme, the Muse unstrings her lyre
And binds in pride their Mayflowers and their Roses.

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

The MAKING of a JOURNALIST

By JULIAN RALPH

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AT ONE time my "chief," as we call the editor in supreme control of a newspaper, said that until further notice I might stay at home and amuse myself, as no news was stirring anywhere in the world. After what I think was the only week of absolute idleness I had known since leaving school, I started out one evening to see Sir Henry Irving in Louis XI. I had gone about four blocks from my home, out of a quiet residence street into the boisterous stir of Sixth Avenue, in New York, when I saw a District Messenger lad propelling himself head foremost, as boys and bullets have the way of doing. Something prompted me to put out an arm and stop him. "Where are you going with that message?" I asked.

"Ralph," said he; "19 West Thirty-eighth Street."

"Give it to me," I said, and he did so. It was a request from my office to know whether I could start the next morning at seven o'clock to fill the post of correspondent in London for my paper.

That was an operation of what I call the sixth sense of a journalist. None except newspaper men have it, unless detectives feebly share it with us, which I doubt, for detectives are distinctly a lower order of men, whose alleged feats of ratiocination and of judgment occur only in works of fiction. In real life, cunning is apt to be a high quality with them. This sixth sense of the journalists is by no means akin to the news sense. A newspaper man must have the news sense in order to distinguish what is worth publishing and to know what proportions to give to the various incidents which make up a newspaper, if he be an editor, or which constitute the story he is writing if he be a reporter. He can get along very well without the sixth sense, which is a most mysterious quality or instinct, and which many possess, but no man can command or rely upon. It seizes a man with irresistible force and leads him to what he seeks. Sometimes it even takes him to the seat of news which he is not seeking and of the existence of which he has had no inkling. It frequently impels him to act against his judgment and to do things which he feels to be absurd, and yet is obliged to persist in until the reward comes with a shock like lightning from a cloudless sky.

But illustrations make the best form of explanation.

A FOREWARNING OF THE ATTACK ON M. LABORI

The morning on which Captain Dreyfus' lawyer, Maître Labori, was shot down on his way to the court in Rennes, is fresh in every one's mind. In my own it is as clear as you may imagine when you learn that here, at Rennes, I am writing this at the same table and with the same pen that I used in describing the startling event. My alarm clock was set for half-past five, yet though I had not enjoyed a fair night's rest for a week, I could not sleep after five o'clock. I went to the court early, and on the way I passed the telegraph office. "Will you wait a minute?" I asked my companion, Mr. G. W. Steevens, of the London Daily Mail; "I think I will telegraph my people that I expect exciting news to-day." I do not know what it was that prompted this. Perhaps the cross-examination of General Mercier, the bitterest accuser of Dreyfus, by Dreyfus' gigantic champion, was uppermost in my mind. Yet that did not require nor deserve a telegram of warning—in fact, there was no need at all for warning those who must always be prepared for great news. Nevertheless, the warning came to me, and the incident serves as a perfect example of the working of this strange sixth sense.

WHAT THE SIXTH SENSE TOLD MR. BOGART

It is quite apart from common sense, is this strange gift. Every man who falls under its influence may wish that such wise prompting could come to him in his private affairs and guide him in his daily walk, for each one of us who has benefited by these brilliant promptings in his business has done things in the course of his private affairs which after events have proved to be stupid in the extreme. I, for instance, was once employed to write a book for a great syndicate. It turned out that my employer not only had no right to act for the people he said he represented, but he was, in addition, an extraordinary and notorious habitual criminal. The sixth sense might have told me this, saving me a deal of humiliation and giving me a startling piece of news, but it has never operated in my behalf in any except my journalistic affairs.

A former master of the science of journalism, Mr. John B. Bogart, who was both admired and beloved by all who worked under him, used to call the sixth sense a "current of news." He once said this to me:

"One day I was walking up Broadway, and had crossed Fulton Street, when suddenly a current of news came up from a cellar and enveloped me. I felt the difference in the temperature of the air. I tingled with the electricity or magnetism in the current. It seemed to stop me, to turn me around, and to force me to descend some stairs which reached up to the street by my side. I ran down the steps, and as I did so a pistol shot sounded in my ears. One man had shot another, and I found myself at the scene upon the instant."

THE MYSTERIOUS INSTINCT OF MR. BALCH

But only think of the case of Mr. Balch, now the assistant of Mr. Kennedy Jones, the conductor of the Evening News, of London. Mr. Balch was in Boston at the time of a most sensational tragedy in New York. There was nothing ever so vague to connect any one in Boston with the extraordinary affair. On one evening Mr. Balch walked to or from his dinner in the streets of Boston and passed a colored man. He may have passed ten or even fifty others in the course of the same walk, yet on the moment that he saw this particular person he became seized with the idea that this might be the man whom the police of New York suspected of a dreadful part in the tragedy which engrossed their attention. He followed the man to—what do you suppose?—a church, of all places. He watched his behavior during the early part of the service. He saw the man exhibit to his female companion (or else he saw adorning the woman) some jewels like those by stealing which the man had added the sin of theft to his more hideous crime. He left the church and notified the Boston police of his discovery. Some officers returned with him to the church, and the end of it all was the arrest of Chastine Cox, the slayer of his benefactress, Mrs. Hull, in West Forty-second Street, New York. This man confessed his crime to me, and I might argue that he was forced to do so, and that I was obliged to obtain his confession for the New York public; but this was not due to any power we mortals cannot comprehend.

THE SIXTH SENSE AND THE NEWS SENSE DISTINGUISHED

When the news of the arrest reached New York I went to an official of the police and stated my intention to accompany him to Boston. It was then midnight, and the first train left at six o'clock in the morning. I said that I was sure the official would take that train and would return with the prisoner on the Fall River boat the next night. At first he denied that he contemplated any such errand, and when I persisted in maintaining that he would go and that I would go with him he refused to allow me to be his companion.

"Any one can go who can pay his fare there and back," said I, "and I assure you I shall make the trip with you."

He succumbed to the force of logic and of circumstances, and I alone from among all the reporters of New York made the journey. On the return trip, aboard the steamboat, I sat up with the criminal all night, and heard the story of his crime repeated and repeated until I was able to write it out at the length of several columns. The adventure of Mr. Balch illustrates the working of the sixth sense. That which influenced me was the news sense—a widely different and easily explainable faculty or impulse.

Nothing in all my experience, perhaps, seems to me more inexplicable and extraordinary than another incident which occurred at about this same time. It was suspected that a clergyman must be in the possession of some sensational facts concerning a matter of acute public interest. He had but newly come to the city, his address was not in the directory, and no one could be found who knew him or anything about him. All that was known was that a clergyman had performed an important ceremony in connection with a case which was, in all other respects, likewise clothed with mystery. Moreover, if he should be found it was very likely that he would refuse to tell what he knew of the persons who had called for his ministrations.

A MYSTERIOUS CLERGYMAN IDENTIFIED BY INSTINCT

I was "on the case," as the saying goes, and suddenly, as I was walking with another reporter in a section of the city, which was removed from the sphere of our work, we saw a most unclerical looking man walking along the opposite pavement. I said at once, as if another person had spoken with my lips:

"There is the clergyman for whom we are looking."

"He is not a clergyman at all," said my companion; "he is a country storekeeper or clerk."

At the same instant the man across the street turned, ran up a flight of stairs, and entered the door of a house. It was not such a building as one would expect a clergyman to enter, yet I ran across the street, while my companion called after me that I was unreasonable and was wasting valuable time. The door opened for me and I asked what person had sent for the clergyman and to what part of the house he had gone. I ran to where I was directed, and came upon the object of my pursuit, who was so surprised and taken off his guard that he acknowledged having performed the ceremony about which I sought information, and, after that, was easily led to tell me all that I desired to know.

That was the work of the sixth sense, pure and genuine.

AN UNEXPLAINED CALL FROM THE MOUNTAINS

On another occasion which I recall, I was reporting the work of the Legislature in Albany, and it had become my delight to go to the beautiful park in that capital and look across a valley at the softly swelling purple mountains in the near distance, to the southwest of the city. Suddenly I was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to go to the mountains and to witness the comparatively primitive life of the people there. During two days this impulse never left me, and on the third afternoon I read a ten-line paragraph reporting a peculiar occurrence in a hamlet upon those very mountains. The occurrence had taken place on the day I received the prompting. It was a paragraph which was the mere seed or suggestion of a notable story. It sent me speeding to that region, and I there obtained the material for an article which included a study of the people.

In that adventure one clearly distinguishes the two impulses apart from one another. The first urging proceeded from what, for the want of a better term, is here called the sixth sense. The second impulse was generated by the news sense. To make the difference still more clear, I may tell how once, when I was sent to Utah to report the resources of the country, I decided that if I could establish sufficiently close relations with the leaders of the Mormon Church it would be far more interesting and novel to make a close study of the character, habits and aims of the Mormons, and to describe their homes, shops and churches. I easily obtained the friendly interest of certain leaders and abandoned my original purpose in going to their State. My news sense told me that this would prove far more generally interesting than a dreary summing up of the annual production of grain, cattle, metals and manufactures in that strange corner of the globe.

NEWSPAPER MEN BORN—NOT MADE

The two senses are absolutely distinct, though, as already stated, I suspect that the sixth sense is of use only to journalists. The existence of these mental guides will not be disputed by any practiced newspaper man. All such are made aware by these instincts that it is impossible to teach young men and women to be journalists. You may teach the laws governing poetry, and clearly point out the almost divine element which enlivens the best poems, but that will not make poets of your pupils. No work upon war and no course of study can develop a Von Moltke; not even a designer of carpet patterns or of teaspoons can be trained to succeed except the impulse and the aptitude be in his make-up. This is why schools and classes of journalism are superfluous and nearly worthless. The real schools are the newspaper offices, and yet it is perfectly possible for the genuine journalistic talent to exist in persons who have never had to do with a newspaper or publication of any kind.

To illustrate what I mean by this, let me say that the best account of a shocking disaster in the English Channel last spring was written and dispatched ahead of all the reports of the professional newsgatherers by a business man in London who was rescued from the vessel which foundered at sea. His first thought was to proclaim his safety to his friends at home. But by the time he reached a telegraph office on the French shore, where he had been landed, he concluded to send a complete account of the disaster to a newspaper friend of his in London. He proved himself to possess every quality of a practiced correspondent, though he had never before exercised his gifts in that way. He gave to the world the earliest news of the disaster, an explanation of what caused it, a picture of the shocking scenes which ensued, and the names of as many of the dead and the surviving passengers as he knew—all graphically set forth, and with the various features in their just proportions.

He had the gifts of narrative and of description, and he possessed the news sense. All that he lacked was the subtle sixth sense of which I have treated here. If he had possessed that gift, the layman's spirit within him would have met it thus: "That ship is going to be wrecked, or something dreadful is going to happen on the voyage. I will not sail in her." On the other hand, had he been a professional reporter or correspondent of the highest order he would have responded to the vague, uncertain warning with this thought: "Something tells me that I am going to get good 'copy' out of this voyage to-night. I wish the vessel would start at once. I wonder what I am going to run across."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 12, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

FROG FARMING

By RENÉ BACHE

ENTIRELY new is an experiment which Uncle Sam has been making in the hatching and rearing of frogs—not for market, be it understood, but for the purpose of acquiring knowledge that may be useful to persons who desire to go into the business of propagating these batrachians for market.

It is believed by experts of the Government Fish Commission that there is money in this kind of farming, intelligently pursued, and for evidence to back this belief they point to the fact that 100,000 pounds of frogs' legs are sold every year at Fulton Market, in New York City, while a single town in Missouri furnishes 60,000 pounds of the same delicate morsel annually.

Up to date, however, nothing very accurate has been ascertained in respect to proper methods of farming the frog, and this is exactly why the Fish Commission has established a froggery on scientific principles in its ponds near the foot of the Washington Monument at the National Capital.

Several small patches of water space have been set apart for the purpose and stocked with bullfrogs of the proper species—an important matter, inasmuch as there is only one real frog, known accurately as *Rana catesbiana*, that is recognized by the epicure as the true article. This accomplished, it has been necessary merely to exercise a supervision over the normal breeding of the creatures, to watch their habits, and to make sure that they were properly fed and protected from enemies.

Some of the frogs thus propagated will be shipped to persons, in various parts of the country, who desire them for breeding purposes, but in this way only a minor object will be attained; the main idea, as already indicated, is to gain information as to the breeding habits of the animals.

It is realized that, unless something is done without much delay, the American bullfrog is likely to be exterminated, owing to the efforts of ruthless pot-hunters, who pursue him with spear, shotgun, and a variety of other weapons. Even the great swamps of Missouri and Arkansas, which have resounded with his mellifluous croak, are being cleaned out.

No industry can well be simpler than frog-farming, inasmuch as the business runs itself as soon as it has been thoroughly established. All that is required is a few shallow ponds, surrounded preferably by bushes, which, while protecting the inmates from enemies, attract the insects that afford their favorite food.

As an additional precaution, a low fence should be put around to keep off wading birds, snakes and small mammals which devour the tadpoles. Turtles and crawfish also are very fond of tadpoles, and the adult frogs will gobble their own offspring greedily. The bottom of the ponds ought to be of soft mud, so that the creatures may burrow in it during the winter, as is their habit.

The bullfrog is a virtuous animal. He has but one mate, and his sweet song is intended to draw her to his side. Ordinarily he is a solitary beast, but at the breeding season his habit in this respect is altered, and then he joins in a gathering with hundreds or thousands of his kind, the male portion of the assemblage uniting in a tuneful chorus addressed to Hymen. At this time it is that the hunters customarily swoop down upon them, and then, also, they are especially the prey of ruthless small boys.

It is said that their skins make a beautiful and most delicate leather, but to this use they are not put in the United States. The spawn deposited by the female frog is a jellylike mass full of black specks, which are the unhatched tadpoles. After two weeks or so the latter are hatched out, and from that time on they take care of themselves, only requiring to be protected from their many foes.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are making HISTORY

The Evils of Overdoing as Seen in the Law and Life of the Day

"This business of keeping cent shops is overdone, like all other kinds of trade, handicraft and bodily labor. I know it to my cost."

We read this in Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables, and we might apply it not only to cent shops and other small things, but to the great productive and distributive and speculative enterprises. It is unfortunate that we have not an Emerson living to write for us an essay on The Evils of Overdoing, as shown in the occurrences of the time.

Take law, for instance. That which should be the most perfect machinery for regulating the conduct of the people has become a complex arrangement of wheels within wheels. Hon. Charles F. Manderson, who is the new President of the American Bar Association, delivered the annual address before that body, and in it he said: "I doubt if in any twelve months since the foundation of our State Government has there been so much legislation. Forty-one of the States and Territories have held legislative sessions. In some of the States the session laws for 1899 fill over 1000 pages, and the average is much over 500."

He then gave this synopsis: "A critical examination of these laws will not only force the conclusion that we are governed too much, but the character of much of the legislation, with its socialistic tendency, its destruction of individuality, interference with personal liberty, encroachment upon property rights, making of the State not only a fostering father but a nursing mother, will affright every true lover of liberty. Many of the statutes will become dead letters and fail of enforcement, thus adding to that disrespect for law that is one of the evils of the time. Fortunately not all are bad, and he who will look through the list of the session laws will find many that will command his approval. We bid fair to become a government by boards, bureaus and commissions, if their increase, so marked for some time past, and particularly in the last year, is to continue."

He added quite humorously that in Missouri the office of Inspector of Watermelons had been abolished, but that an inspector had been created to examine the intoxicating qualities of beer and to pass upon its merits.

The Career of Baron Grant and the Overdoing of Speculation

In no respect is the sin of overdoing more vicious than in the speculation of the day. Congresses and conferences to consider the trust question increase, but about all they accomplish is to point out what we all perceive—the essential swindling involved in the enormous over-capitalizations.

A career that illustrated it all was that of Baron Albert Grant, who died in London a few days ago. His real name was Gottheimer, and he began as a small wine merchant, graduating into the loan business, and finally becoming manager of a money company in London.

Then began some of the most remarkable sensations in London's experience. Vast schemes were afloat, and people put their money in them. Baron Grant, who had gotten his title from Italy and who had changed his name, spent $5,000,000 on a marble palace. It was a marvelous story of overdoing, and in the end Baron Grant failed for nearly three and a half millions of dollars.

So even thirty years ago they had their troubles, and although the well-remembered Mr. Hooley seemed a genius without an equal, he only duplicated the work of Grant. In this country our Napoleons of finance have written large chapters of ruin and disorganization in trade and character. At present, instead of a few of these persons who would resent being called swindlers, we have literally thousands of overdoers in all parts of the country trying without productive work to make dollars where they do not exist. It has been said that causing two and two to make five has achieved civilization. The trouble in the craze of trust speculation is that the schemers try to make two and two equal one hundred, and they expect the public to pay the necessary ninety-six cents to make up the dollar. And sometimes the public does it.

Wellman's Bad Stumble On the Way to the North Pole

It would seem that one trip toward the North Pole ought to be enough for the average human being, but Walter Wellman, the Chicago journalist who gave himself an assignment to find the North Pole, has returned from a second attempt, unsuccessful. The object of his expedition was to complete the exploration of Franz Josef Land, and then to find the North Pole. The first was successfully accomplished, but it seemed that in aiming for the second Mr. Wellman was somewhat in too big a hurry, and in a jump over an ice crevasse he came to grief.

A pathetic incident is told by Mr. Wellman. On Cape Heller, latitude 81, he built a station and stocked it and left two men in charge, Ventsen and Bjoervig. Five months afterward he returned and one of the men was dead. He said: "The two men had made a compact that in case of death the survivor should keep the body until help came. In that little hut the quick and the dead had slept side by side through two months of Arctic darkness. Bjoervig said he had kept up his spirits by reciting aloud Ibsen's poetry."

The Public School System Not Meant to be a Fad Factory

Our public schools have not altogether escaped the evils of overdoing. When a man or a woman wants to reform the world right away and does not know how to do it, the popular plan is to call upon the public school system to perform the job. It is all so easy. Just drill the youthful minds in the elementals of the fad, and lo! the millennium begins to dawn.

It probably would break upon us in reality if all these schemes were put into operation, for either the new generations would die of brain fever or the schoolhouses would have to be turned into lunatic asylums. The average curriculum is about all a mature person would care to master, and there is a distinct sentiment that it would be better to lighten than to burden it.

At the convention of the National Educational Association in California last summer, the expressions against the tendency of imposing fads and reforms upon the public schools and increasing the books and the studies were free and vigorous, and the view of the men and women best qualified to speak on the subject was to the effect that it would be best to limit closely the number of studies and to teach a few things well, so as to produce a well-rounded educational development, to which the sensible fathers and mothers of the land ought to say a fervent Amen.

A Civil War Pensioner Who was One of Funston's Heroes at Calumpit

Mr. John Habberton could not be convicted of overdoing in his excellent story about the Civil War veteran published the other day in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was, as you remember, a story of an old soldier who got to the front in the Spanish war, although he was refused enlistment. Here is a real tale from the Philippines. It is a case of Captain Boltwood, of Ottawa, Kansas, a member of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers.

He was not only a Civil War veteran, but a pensioner, and when Governor Leedy commissioned him Captain, and he had passed all but the physical examination, the Secretary of War objected to his being allowed to enlist on the ground that being a pensioner proved his physical unfitness.

The Governor, persisting, claimed that a commissioned officer was not obliged to undergo any examination, and the Secretary yielded. So Captain Boltwood bought his uniform and took his place at the head of the Ottawa company.

In all the early movements of the Twentieth after it landed at Manila the pensioned Captain marched and fought with as much activity as any in the command, and for fifty-six days he did not once have a chance to remove his clothing. He did his duty nobly.

On that day of supreme daring before Calumpit, when the intrepid Funston with five companions swam the river with rope and revolver in hand, the Civil War pensioner was one of the five that bore the rope by means of which the Americans gained access to the city.

HON. CHARLES F. MANDERSON

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

The Overdoing of the Syndicate that Tried to Get $200,000,000 from New York

In some cases of overdoing, the extravagance of an effort brings its own reaction, and thus justice prevails. A curious instance was that in New York. A band of men working under a charter planned to furnish New York with $5,000,000 worth of water a year for forty years. The mere idea of asking the greatest city in America to pay over $200,000,000 to a private corporation would seem ridiculous on its face.

Yet such was the force of politics behind it that it had to be treated as a serious assault upon the rights of the people, and it is greatly to the credit of New York, which is so often accused of being deficient in public spirit, that the papers and the people arose and destroyed the job. The scheme was halted by Mr. Coler, a young man who was elected Controller on the Tammany ticket in the last election.

Mr. Coler is one of the happy accidents in politics. Instead of being a mere office-holder, in this instance he proved himself a citizen of great integrity and absolute fearlessness, and it was his exposure that led to the defeat. The Ramapo affair, however, will always be cited as one of the boldest attempts ever made to get money out of a city.

One effect of the scheme was to emphasize the question of municipal ownership, many going so far as to declare that they believed this principle should be extended to street transportation as well as to the supplying of water.

Two Republics and Many Revolutions Playing Havoc in the Little Island of Hayti

In the matter of overdoing, the island of Hayti can certainly claim a surplus in revolutions. We forget sometimes that Hayti is not a single country, but is divided between the alleged Republic of Hayti and the so-called Dominican Republic. The Hayti Republic with its 950,000 people has its capital at Port au Prince, and at the present writing it has no revolution on hand, but there is no telling what will happen by the time this gets into print. The Dominican Republic with its 350,000 population has its usual capital at San Domingo, and after the assassination of its last President it has been going through the process of a revolution. As this is being written the events have been more peaceful than usual, but, as in the other case, there is no telling what will happen in any twenty-four hours.

The whole island has had a frightful history of disorder and revolution, and although it is, next to Cuba, the largest of the West Indies, and is possessed of resources that should make it prosperous and happy, it seems to be drifting from bad to worse all the time. Both of its ridiculous governments are bankrupt, and are practically in the hands of American syndicates. If they would only settle down to business methods, and substitute annual elections for their revolutions and assassinations, they might amount to something. As it is, they certainly have overdone disorder. General Juan Isidro Jiminez has been credited with the direction of most of the recent revolutionary work in the Dominican Republic, and he is said to be a man far above the average of revolutionists.

One effect of these revolutions has been to overdo the creation of officers. The private is a scarce article on the island, but the Generals abound. A recent traveler states that his boots were blacked by one General at a hotel and another General carried his baggage to the ship. The story is told of still another General who worked for American capitalists, and who begged a day or two off occasionally to go and command his army at a review.

A Great Religious Revival

THE question is often asked: Is not the world growing better? If I were to answer this, I should say, yes and no. There have never been so many churches in the history of the world, and every year there are more missionaries. Slavery has been done away with, and many advances have been made along the right lines. But there are just as certain signs of evil. Never in this country has the Sabbath been so lightly esteemed. Every Sunday finds our roads full of young people on bicycles who should be in church, and the Sunday paper has taken the place of the sermon in too many homes. It is even estimated that of the seventy millions in this country, forty millions do not go to church.

In my mind, the country has never been so much in need of a great religious movement as to-day. The time has come for our ministers to stop discussing dead questions and meet a living one. We must cease picking the Bible to pieces, and must preach to the hundreds who are ready to listen.

Almost every great religious movement since the time of Christ has come when the times were darkest. Look at Scotland in the time of Knox, or England in the time of the Wesleys. I do not want to be pessimistic, but it seems to me the times are not very dark, nor are they very much brighter ahead unless something is done. While our young people are left to look after themselves, their leaders are engaged in heresy or in determining how many Isaiahs there were.

People are constantly saying to me that the trouble is that we want a new Gospel and a new Bible; that the old Bible has gone out of fashion, and while it was good enough for our fathers, we have become more civilized and want something up to date; that if we are going to reach thinking men we must have something new. Now, within the last twelve months I have seen the old Gospel preached from Maine to California, and the people everywhere have seemed ready to listen to it. It is as powerful to-day as when Paul preached it from Mars Hill; and any man who preaches it has the same results. We might just as well talk of dispensing with the light of the sun because it has been shining for four thousand years, or stopping the flow of the Amazon because it has always traveled in the same channel.

If you go into the little hill-towns of New England you find the churches empty or closed. Why is it? The people have taken up with every new "ism" that has come along until now they have drifted over to infidelity. The Gospel is the only remedy for this. Put a consecrated man there who believes in his Bible from cover to cover and he will begin to have results. The papers keep us informed on the topics of the day; what we want from the pulpit is the plain Gospel.

There need be no difficulty about the men. When God wanted to lead the children of Israel to the promised land He raised up Moses; and ever since, when He wanted something done, He has always raised up His workmen. I must say, I have no patience when I hear a person wondering what will become of us when so-and-so is dead. As God takes one man, He sends another in his place, and if He wills to raise up twenty Luthers He is able.

As I have said, God always sends His awakenings when the times are darkest. I see no reason why we should not look for a great revival in spiritual things all over this wide land of ours. We need it, and God is willing and ready to grant it. Many Christians are praying for it, and it is a prayer in which every true child of God should join. We can look back over the history of the past and see the fate of all the nations that were without God. Theirs will be the fate of this fair land of ours unless we Christians do all in our power for it.

The Gospel we have always with us, and men who under God may work more mightily than any giants of the past. God alone can send the spirit of conviction, and for this we should pray.

Now, as we stand on the verge of a new century, let us pray that in the opening months God may pour out His Spirit, and let every Christian stand ready to do what falls to his or her hand. In the words of Andrew Murray, the God of the future is greater than the God of the past. He has not done His best yet.

D. L. Moody

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Wealth of Humor in McKinley's Cabinet

President McKinley and all the present members of his Cabinet are men of wit and humor, although they conceal it as much as possible from outsiders, realizing that the public does not respect and admire wits and humorists in official life. They have seen over and over again that the people prefer a man of talent who is always serious in public to a man of genius who is frequently or even sometimes funny, and they are careful to avoid the danger on which so many statesmen have wrecked their careers. But in private, and especially at Cabinet meetings, they allow their wit and humor full play. Most of the men who have been in the Cabinet during the McKinley Administration have been fond of fun if not fun-makers themselves, and few Cabinet meetings have been held which were not made agreeable by entertaining repartee and witty comments on men and affairs. In the darkest days of the Spanish War Mr. Dooley's conversations with Mr. Hinnissey were read in Cabinet meeting, sometimes by the President, sometimes by others, and all the hits at the Administration were as much enjoyed as the hits at people outside of it. President McKinley, who is himself one of the best story-tellers in Washington, draws frequently from his large fund of anecdotes for the illustration of whatever subject may be before the Cabinet meeting, and if the topic has a funny side he will draw attention to it as quickly as any of his Cabinet officers. "In all the two years and a half that I have sat with him at the Cabinet table," said Secretary Long the other day, "I never saw President McKinley give the slightest sign of irritation or impatience even when he was under great stress and trying circumstances. On the contrary, he has always been patient, and even cheerful. He is the most amiable of men."

SECRETARY ROOT

His humor and his sense of humor have helped him greatly to maintain this amiable attitude and to lubricate the Cabinet wheels. Secretary Hay is perhaps the wittiest man in the Cabinet, and his unconventional reports of State Department affairs at Cabinet meetings greatly delight his colleagues. "These negotiations," he said in reporting at a Cabinet meeting on the Alaska boundary question, "are being carried on in rag-time. I answer their propositions in twenty-four hours, and they answer mine in twenty-four days."

Secretary Elihu Root manages to hold his own as a humorist and wit at the Cabinet meetings. To one of the Washington correspondents who expressed the hope that his administration might be a success and that his relations with the newspaper men might be good, he said quickly, with a smile, "I'll try to behave so that you won't have to get out a round robin about me."

Why Captain Goodrich is Not an Admiral

Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., who did such notable blockading service during the war with Spain, passed several years on the Asiatic station in the early nineties. He is a staunch believer in upholding the dignity of the American flag, and in every port made formal calls upon the local authorities, and entertained them in model style when they visited his ship in return. The Captain is slender and rather short in stature, a fact which means nothing in the Western world. In China, however, it is different. The ruling Manchu class is much larger and stronger physically than the Chinese proper, who constitute the bulk of the governed. Upon this is based a general belief that no man can be great unless he has a big body.

SECRETARY HAY

On one occasion Captain Goodrich visited the prefect of Amoy, a fine-looking personage weighing over two hundred pounds, and in a few minutes the Captain had fascinated the latter by his brilliant conversation. When the call was nearly over, the mandarin, with a courtly bow, said:

"Your Excellency, I understand now how you, although a little man, have become the commander of a great warship. I am certain that if you were only a little fatter you would surely be an Admiral."

Solving the Mystery of a Haunted House

It seems a pity to let the light in upon accepted mysteries. When, for instance, a handsome mansion has worked long and hard to gain the reputation of being a haunted house, it is positively cruel to reduce it to a commonplace, respectable establishment. Yet this has just been done by Dr. Marie Elizabeth Zakrzewska, of Boston, a retired physician and the founder of the famous New England Hospital for Women and Children. Her story of the haunted house is as follows:

"In the early sixties I bought a fine old house in the suburbs of Boston. It had been unoccupied I do not know how long, and it was said to be haunted. It had not one ghost, but a colony of these uncanny creatures. My friends remonstrated both before and after the purchase, and a few who were more than ordinarily superstitious would not visit me except in bright, sunshiny weather, when I am told all self-respecting ghosts retire to some unknown realm.

"My servants were the worst of all. They heard things and saw things, and got so excited that they behaved more ridiculously than a legion of phantoms. Finally they secured a priest to come in my absence and exorcise the evil spirits. About that time I had the place repainted and put into charming order. Either the exorcism or the paint discouraged our spectral friends, because they came no more.

"Years afterward one of my patients, a well-to-do German woman, said to me:

"'I must tell you a secret, Doctor. When we first came to Boston we were wretchedly poor. None of us spoke English, and shortly after our arrival my husband and one of my sons found themselves out of work. We had no money. Your house was empty and was rumored to be haunted, and we determined to benefit by the rumor. We moved in and stayed there over two years. We used charcoal for fuel, which gives no smoke; and the only light we burned was in an inner room invisible from the street. We made a noise now and then, and I suppose some of us were seen through the windows by the passers-by. It changed our luck, however, and from that time on we got ahead. But the reputation of the house when we moved out was terrible.'"

A Servant Not Worth Healing

Florence Nightingale is still alive and active, although she is close on to the fourscore mark. Through inheritance she is rich, having an attractive home in London and a beautiful country seat known as Claydon House in Buckinghamshire. During the last thirty years Miss Nightingale has worked steadily to improve the sanitary condition of the many villages in her neighborhood. Neat cottages replace former hovels, swamps and unhealthful areas have been drained, the quality of the drinking water has been improved, and a rudimentary knowledge of nursing and first aid to the injured has been disseminated through the peasantry.

Once Miss Nightingale herself set the example by nursing an ailing farm laborer who occasionally worked upon her estate. He was past middle age, and his wife, who knew nothing of nursing, took a deep interest in all that was done. It was not the interest of affection, but of wonder and bewilderment. One afternoon she curtsied and said:

"Your Ladyship, Thomas only got eight shillings a week when he was strong, and now that he is old and worthless he doesn't get more than five. Don't you think it would be cheaper to let him die and get another man for the farm?"

Mrs. Helmuth's Recipe for Conducting Clubs

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, the former President of Sorosis, who has been elected President of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs and is a member of the National Committee, is best known among club women for her quick wit. At a particularly complicated election in New York where the voters were getting more and more bitter and matters were getting more and more tangled up as time flew, she saved the organization from dissolution by her ready humor and her good memory. She arose and said:

"Ladies, let us make the early rules of the Pilgrims the order of the day.

"Touch no State matters.

"Pick no quarrels.

"Repeat no grievances.

"Reveal no secrets.

"Maintain no ill opinions.

"Make no comparisons.

"Lay no wagers.

"Make no long meals."

Ever since then these rules have been known among the elect as "Fanny's recipe for club elections."

Another time there was an adjournment after a heated argument, and a prayer was to be offered at the opening of the new program. Just before the woman preacher began, Mrs. Helmuth said:

"Dear friends, after we have finished the Lord's Prayer, let us silently ask that there be more knowledge and less noise vouchsafed to us."

And the prayer was answered.

Thomas J. Lipton, Irish-American

The latest trip of Sir Thomas Lipton across the Atlantic on the Cunarder Campania is in marked contrast to his first visit to America. That happened in 1871, and Lipton, then a boy of fifteen, was a steerage passenger. It was in America that he earned the money which proved to be the nest-egg for his present vast wealth.

The foundations of the colossal fortune which Lipton has built up within the past twenty-eight years are hard work and careful personal attention to details. He himself names as the essentials of success: "Energy, industry, good memory, and equability of temper. Don't be discouraged, work hard, work honestly, and you are bound to succeed."

But in addition to his business integrity, Sir Thomas has the keenest sympathy with the poor and needy. During the Diamond Jubilee, while taking tea with the Lord Mayor and Mayoress of London, he incidentally learned that the Poor Fund was being subscribed slowly.

"How much do you need?" he asked.

"Oh, a considerable sum. We will need in all about £30,000, and only £5000 have been subscribed," replied the Lord Mayor.

Without any further delay Lipton wrote a check for the £25,000 and, handing it to the Lord Mayor, said:

"If that won't see you through, call on me for more."

One of Lipton's keenest enjoyments is his daily morning drive to London behind his pair of Kentucky thoroughbreds. His home is Osidge, near Southgate, about nine miles out of London, and from the window of his study one can catch a glimpse of the glistening dome of St. Paul's. His hobby is the cultivation of orchids, of which he possesses a rare collection. In order to give his vast interests personal attention Lipton travels extensively, and the billiard-room of his house is decorated with trophies which he has picked up everywhere in his journeying.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

A Personal Letter from Mark Twain to Queen Victoria

Mark Twain's recent experience with Royalty in Vienna recalls an incident of his life in England about fifteen years ago, when he was in the heyday of his financial prosperity. He had settled down in London for rest and observation when he received from the tax office an income-tax blank to fill out. These papers rank foremost among the most puzzling of English official documents. They comprise four pages of closely set type, and ask all manner of questions, pertinent and impertinent, direct, indirect and cross. Not one Englishman in four wholly comprehends all of the inquiries at first reading, it is said.

When Mr. Clemens got this paper he conceived the idea that it had been sent to him personally by the Queen, which seemed plausible, as it begins with "Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen," etc. So he wrote a personal letter to Her Majesty, and directed it, together with his replies to the questions, to Windsor Castle. But instead of mailing it he sent it to a London daily newspaper, which printed a full page of the letter and catechism. It was irresistibly funny. The humorist hesitated as to how to address the Queen, and finally hit upon "Mam," which happens to be the correct way. This settled, he expressed his gratitude to her for her friendly interest in his affairs, which was really more than he had expected. It ended by regretting that his nationality prevented him from being taxed by her Government, but assured her of his kindest regards and warmest well wishes.

The letter was the sensation of the town at the time, and its humor was sufficiently broad to appeal even to the editors of the London comic weeklies.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

A One-Sided Pleasure.—A lyceum bureau man says that the Bishop of London, Mandell Creighton, who succeeded Doctor Temple when he was elevated to the Primacy of England, will lecture in America next season. The Bishop is a charming wit as well as a great scholar. Like James Russell Lowell, he has a horror of lending books, especially his favorites. A fellow-clergyman once visited the Bishop and took a fancy to an old edition of Shakespeare. He borrowed the volume, and did not think to return it for several months. Finally the minister returned it with a letter saying:

"My Dear Bishop:

"I have great joy in returning the volume you loaned me."

The Bishop answered:

"My Dear Brother:

"All the joy is mine."

A Non-Committal Address.—Ex-Assemblyman Mahlon Chance, a Republican campaign orator, after delivering a fiery address on one occasion, was accosted by an old man who had sat in front of him all the evening.

"That was a fine speech, Colonel."

"Thank you, sir. I am glad you liked it."

"Oh, yes, I liked it fust rate. But say, Colonel, what ticket are you for, anyway?"

He Knew the Family Secrets.—Robert G. R. Reid, the "Czar of Newfoundland," has just arrived home from Algiers, where he has been sojourning for his health. Mr. Reid controls the entire finances of the colony, and is to Newfoundland what Cecil Rhodes is to South Africa. Mr. Reid was born in Scotland, and started life as a poor boy. He always had a ready wit, however. When he became famous and rich one of his poor relatives arrived in St. Johns, and started the story that he never recognized the poor members of his family.

Reid heard of this, and while walking through a hotel one morning he spied the distant cousin. He walked straight up to him and, patting him upon the shoulder, cried out: "Why, my good fellow, are you here? Did you use your brother's bail money to skip the country?"

The relative, it is said, never again remarked that Reid forgot his family.

Two Kinds of Sickrooms.—Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased she asked: "Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?"

"Certainly, madam; they haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength."

"I see, sir. Your conception of a sickroom is a slaughter-house; mine is not."

LAWYER MONEY··

By Mary Tracy Earle.

THE law book publishing-house had made a prosperous town of Onawauga. It had been one of those dusty, sleepy Southern villages in which people seem to live by the grace of God, and do not have quite enough of that; but after the lawyers came everything and everybody woke up and changed. The lawyers did the proof-reading of the law books, and boarded in the village. There was quite an army of them, for in printing-houses as well as in court-rooms legal proofs must be scrutinized with the closest care, and it must be done by lawyers, for ordinary proof-readers have not sufficient technical knowledge. They boarded with people who would have hesitated about taking ordinary boarders, and the money which they paid into the family treasuries was usually called "lawyer money."

People said that if it had not been for the prospect of lawyer money Miss Willie Clark would have married Henry Baudelaire when the firm of Baudelaire & Clark, cotton brokers, made its assignment. Miss Willie and Henry were the firm, for Henry's father had died some years before, and Miss Willie's father broke down and died under the strain of the losses which preceded the failure. By giving up everything, even their two homesteads, the young people were able to settle honorably with the creditors, and as Henry Baudelaire had just been admitted to the bar, he secured a position in the new publishing-house and asked Miss Willie to marry him. It had never occurred to him to ask her before, but after they had faced so much ill luck together it seemed to him only natural that they should face the rest of life, whatever it chanced to be. Moreover, he did not see what else there was for Miss Willie to do. She was homeless and penniless, and the most useful thing she could do was to dance so well that she always had three times as many invitations as there were dances in an evening, and to laugh so that every one who heard her laughed, too.

To young Baudelaire's surprise, she laughed when he told her about his position and his plan of sharing profits with her.

"That's mighty sweet of you, Henry," she said; "but I'd rather board lawyers for a living. Everybody's going to."

"But, Willie," young Baudelaire said, and there was bewilderment in his voice, "I've been planning for this a long time. I—we've always been partners, you know."

A queer, gentle look came into her face. "I know," she said; "but your salary is hardly large enough to divide, and then"—the laugh came again, dimpling across the gentleness—"I suppose it never occurred to you that I mightn't want to marry you, did it, Henry?"

"Is there some obstacle?" he asked gravely. "Somebody you care more for?"

A spray of honeysuckle blew across her white dress from the vine that sheltered the gallery. She broke it off and tapped with it on the gallery railing. "N—no," she admitted, "there isn't anybody now, but life isn't ended. Think of all the lawyers coming to town."

It was tantalizing to see her considering the subject with so little prejudice. Her mouth drooped just the least bit at the corners, and her eyebrows were lifted above a pair of wide-open hazel eyes with laughter at the back. Young Baudelaire was hurt.

"Willie," he said, "I didn't think you would answer me lightly when I should offer you my love and the whole devotion of my life. If there were nothing else, shouldn't old friendship have counted for anything?"

For a moment her lips quivered, and then she caught one of his hands in her two. "It's just because it counts so much!" she cried. "Can't you see that I should be wronging it if I—if I married you just for a home? I love you, Henry; you know there is nobody left that I am so fond of. But I don't want to marry you. I—I want just to stay friends, and keep lawyers to board."

Baudelaire drew his hand away. If it had seemed to him the proper thing for her to keep boarders, he might have been relieved to have the matter settled so; but it did not seem proper, and he was dissatisfied with himself and with her. "It's asking a good deal of a man—just to stay friends," he said moodily.

She looked at him as if his face were a book which she could read—a book which did not hold quite all that she had hoped to find. Her color deepened, and the honeysuckle dropped out of her hands. "It would be asking too much of most men," she said at last, "but not of you. You are more faithful to your friends than any one else I know."

His face brightened. "But now that the Piersons own your house, where would you keep your boarders?" he asked. On the plea of old friendship he could yield his point with greater ease.

"Mr. Pierson doesn't want to move in here," she said. "He was intending to rent or sell; and so I rented the house from him this morning, and everything will go on just as though it were still mine."

"Oh, Willie," Baudelaire cried, "you'll not have to break up or leave your home! The Stormants want me to move at once." He was silent a moment, trying to keep the look of pain out of his face. Parting with his home was the one irreparable sorrow that their losses had brought him. It would wrench his heart to leave the old place. He loved it in every detail with the unreasoning love which is the instinct of faithful natures. To turn Henry Baudelaire out of the house where he had been born and had lived always was like turning a helpless child into the street.

He looked up suddenly. "I don't believe I can ever bear seeing them live in my house!" he broke out. "Sometimes I feel as if I must leave the town. I suppose you think me a fool, but if I can help it I will never even walk past the house after they take possession. It wouldn't hurt so much to see it burned down as to see other people living in it."

He was staring straight in front of him, and he did not see how her eyes dwelt on him until they brimmed up with tears. She turned away and looked off into the garden. The summer sunshine quivered through the air, seeking out both light and bloom. It questioned nothing; it demanded nothing; it gave itself without return. The broad green trees spread out their branches in silence, taking all it gave. She turned again toward Baudelaire and looked at his fine, gentle, patient face. There were lines which it lacked, and other lines which atoned. He did not feel her gaze, and she hesitated. At last she put out her hand and touched his arm.

"Henry," she said, "my house will be more like home to you than any other after you leave yours; won't you be one of the lawyers I am going to board?"

Henry for an instant started and put his hand over hers with a look of pleased, touched surprise. He had forgotten that it was asking a good deal—just to stay friends. "That's mighty sweet of you, Willie," he said; "I'll come."

It took the village a long time to accept the fact that the two young people did not intend to marry. Whenever more than one cake was baked on the same day in Miss Willie's kitchen, the rumor of it was likely to spread as wedding cake. Miss Willie's white dresses were a source of constant perturbation; Miss Willie wore white dresses a great deal of the time, and each new one might be intended for a wedding gown. But neither Miss Willie nor Henry Baudelaire faded nor looked aggrieved over the every-day uses to which the cakes and the dresses were applied, and so the village gave up worrying at last and contented itself with taking pride in the young people.

Miss Willie was pointed out to strangers as an example of the dauntless way in which Southern women cope with misfortune. She usually had six lawyers in the house, including Baudelaire, and she smiled on all of them, retaining a little air of sovereignty over them which a Northern woman would have been likely to lay aside after her first girlhood had passed and left her an old maid or a girl bachelor. Miss Willie was neither; she was simply Miss Willie. If she churned sillibubs and made pineapple ices to refresh her lawyers in the warm days, she did not scorn a rose in her hair and a dimple in her cheek when she let them fetch and carry for her in the evenings. It was inevitable that sooner or later each of them should have his little dream of persuading her to turn away the others and board him alone; but she seemed to think that if one lawyer was good, six were better, and she kept the honors easy between them. Baudelaire, looking on from the vantage ground of privileged old-friendship, felt no pangs of jealousy. It struck him that she had ordered her life wisely. He had never supposed that she had such executive ability, and he believed that she was happier in exercising it, all the way from the cook in the kitchen to the most sentimental of her boarders on the moonlit gallery, than she would have been if she had married him and let him take care of her with his narrow income. They could never have rented her old home, but would have been obliged to live in some totally strange place.

Unknown to himself, Henry Baudelaire was set up as a model to the younger men, because his life fell into such a quiet routine that most of his coming and going was between Miss Willie's and the publishing-house. His ways were so settled that he seemed to grow old faster than Miss Willie, who worked harder than he; there was something eager about her face which kept it young, and after ten years, although she was thirty, she might still have been taken for twenty-five, while at thirty-five Baudelaire could have passed for forty.

One evening when Miss Willie was sitting on the gallery all alone, watching the sun sink in the west, she saw Henry Baudelaire coming along the walk. He was tall, slender, and a trifle stooped, with a touch of gray about the temples and a grave, sad expression which had become habitual to him.

She leaned forward and smiled when he reached the steps, for he looked as if he were about to stop and speak; but through the open doorway he saw two of the other lawyers, Harley Smith and Alvin Dane, come from opposite rooms and run into each other in the hall on their way out to join her. A spark of mischief sprang into Baudelaire's grave eyes and he passed on.

Alvin Dane was a frail-looking young man, with a manner so courteous that he was always standing aside. Harley Smith was more rugged, with a sensitive face dominated by high cheek-bones. Dane bowed, stepped back, and, when he saw Smith going straight toward Miss Willie, returned to his room.

"I'm not glad to see you," Miss Willie said to Smith with a frankness that might be taken for what it was worth. "Henry Baudelaire was going to stop and talk to me, and you made him change his mind and go upstairs."

"I don't blame him, but I thank him," Smith declared. "In some cases half a loaf is worse than no bread."

"You may think so," she retorted; "I don't."

"I'm not in a mood for sparring," Smith replied. He stood silent a moment, staring at nothing. "Is it true that Baudelaire has never gone in sight of his old home since the Stormants moved into it?" he asked.

Miss Willie picked up a spray of honeysuckle and lightly whipped the railing of the gallery.

"I don't know; he doesn't tell me what he does," Miss Willie answered.

Smith glanced down at her curiously. "I thought you were old friends?"

"So we are, and you know what that means. Good-morning in the morning and good-evening at night. I get tired of old friendship."

"What's the matter?" he asked, laughing softly. "Have you had to change cooks again, or what has put you out of temper?"

"Just having you come out here when I wanted to talk to Henry Baudelaire," she declared. "You see, I think as much of him as he does of his old house."

"But I thought you didn't know how much he thought of his old house."

"I didn't say that. I said I didn't know if he'd seen it for ten years or not, but I reckon he hasn't, for ten years ago he told me he didn't expect ever to go near it." She looked up into Smith's sensitive, half-aggressive face with shadowed eyes. "It's a long time to be faithful like that, isn't it?" she continued in a different voice.

"I don't know; I could be faithful longer than that—to some things."

The sun was setting through a rosy haze. Miss Willie turned and steadfastly faced the great, red, lonely sphere. "I wish," she said slowly; "I wish you knew him better. He is so quiet—so unassertive—that people do not understand that just as he has been faithful for ten years to his love for his home, just so faithfully and quietly he would give his life for a friend. I dream sometimes of seeing him back in the old place. Wouldn't it be beautiful if one of the men who wronged him out of money when we failed should be conscience-smitten and send it back? Then he could live in his old home."

Smith felt in his waistcoat pocket, took out a roll of bills and handed it to her.

She drew away from it, startled. "What's that?" she asked.

"That is money," he answered; "because I'm your boarder, and this is pay day."

"Oh," she said, "I had forgotten about pay day. I thought——" she laughed nervously. "I don't know why I was so surprised, only we were not talking about board money, you know."

"Perhaps you thought I was one of the men who had wronged Baudelaire, and that you had moved me to make restitution," he suggested bitterly. "No; there is no likelihood of my ever wronging Baudelaire. I shouldn't scruple to, but I have no chance."

"I don't understand you."

He leaned toward her, holding her gaze with cruel, suffering eyes. "If you tried you could guess what I'd like to take away from Baudelaire," he asserted. "You can guess what you've never given me a chance to say."

She drew her white face farther from him. "You can guess what I would answer," she said coldly. "I thought—I thought you were my friend, Mr. Smith."

"Old or new?" he taunted.

"That did not matter," she declared, rising. "I thought we understood each other, and I needed a friend."

"Forgive me," he said huskily. "I couldn't be your friend." A spasm of pain crossed his face; he controlled it with an effort and held out his hand. "Good-by."

"Good-by," she said.

He dropped her hand and walked down the avenue. She watched until the gate clicked behind him; than she sat down, resting her elbows on the gallery railing and her head in her hands. "So!" she exclaimed below her breath. Her face was pale still, and her eyes shone. The sun sank slowly out of sight and the west began to fade. "It's all in the bargain," she thought to herself. "He will go, and another who will pay the same board will come."

Somebody came clattering down the stairs. At the same instant a door on the first floor opened. The hall must have been growing dusky; she could hear the man from upstairs run into the man who was coming out of the door.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Alvin Dane's voice. He retreated into his room and the other man came out on the gallery.

Miss Willie did not turn. Her boarder walked up behind her and dropped a little roll of bills into her lap.

"Better count it," he said, leaning on the back of her chair.

She looked up at him. He was younger than Harley Smith—scarcely more than a boy—and his long, thin young face was fitted for all the twists and quirks of expression which win indulgent love. "Mr. Sargent, you tell me that every time you pay me your board money. I think it's time you said something else."

"Do you know why I tell you that?"

"Oh, I suppose it's because you think I'm so mercenary—and so I am. You lawyers would bring suit against me if you knew what a lot of your money I'm hoarding up. Do you know that every time the ice cream runs short it's because I've tied an extra quarter up in an old stocking?"

"It never did run short, and you're not mercenary, and I've a very different reason for telling you to count your change," he declared.

"Well, what is it? Can't you count?"

His eyes shifted from her face to the chair back, and he twisted his mouth in amused, persuasive embarrassment. "I'll tell you," he said. "There's something I always throw in with my board money, and I'm afraid some day it will mix my count. That wouldn't be fair, for the thing I throw in doesn't do you any good. It's just my love."

The tears sprang into Miss Willie's eyes. "I think it's mighty sweet of you to throw that in with the money," she said, "and it does do me good. I shall keep it—keep it safe for you until you want to give it to some other girl. Don't think for a minute that I'm not glad to have it."

"It's yours—to keep always," he said.

She laughed tenderly. "I'm glad you think so. It wouldn't be worth having if you didn't."

"But—what can I do?" The little tricks of persuasion had all gone out of his face, and his eyes held too much sadness.

"Oh, how can I tell you?" she asked in a low, sharp voice. "It seems to me that life is too hard on us. I may have been selfish and mercenary and wrapped up in my own purpose, but God knows I never meant to make you or any one suffer."

The sunset had all faded and the moon had not yet risen. She stretched her hand up to him with a little motion of appeal. Sargent caught it. It was white and cold; he laid his cheek against it for an instant, and when he spoke there

was a sob in his breath. "Should I have any chance if I were as old as the other men?" he asked.

"My poor boy," she said tremulously; "not the least in the world."

A heavy footstep sounded on the stairs. Sargent straightened himself and walked off into the dark.

At the same time some one lighted the swinging lamp in the hall and, turning, Miss Willie saw a portly man in the doorway.

She hailed him. "Come here and talk to me, Colonel Davis; you're just the one I want to give me some advice."

The Colonel was panting a little, as if he had come up stairs instead of down. "Don't expect me to give you straightforward advice," he puffed gallantly, "because when you ask for it you turn my head."

"Trust me to turn it back again," she retorted, "for I want your calm, dispassionate counsel."

The Colonel drew a chair raspingly across the gallery floor and seated himself. "If you want anything of that sort you should consult Henry Baudelaire," he said.

Miss Willie was in the shadow, but her voice showed that she had drawn herself upright in her chair. "Colonel Davis," she said slowly, "there is no doubt that Henry Baudelaire has the ablest mind of any one of my acquaintance, and in any ordinary matter I should consult him. In this case his warm affection for me would bias his judgment, while you, a comparative stranger, can be dispassionate if you choose."

"A comparative stranger!" the Colonel ejaculated. "Bless my soul!"

"Yes," Miss Willie repeated; "a comparative stranger."

The Colonel leaned back into the light, showing a comfortable round face with a heavy double chin. He put his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and smiled incredulously. "I think I remember doing myself the honor of asking you to marry me a year ago last Christmas Eve," he said.

"That is something any stranger may ask—if he thinks it best," Miss Willie returned.

"And I think you told me that you esteemed me very highly, and hoped our friendship would remain unbroken by your preference for single blessedness—or words to that effect," the Colonel went on.

"I—please don't shout," suggested Miss Willie.

The Colonel dropped his voice to a key more in keeping with the surrounding silence and secrecy. "That's not the way people talk to strangers," he whispered.

"I said a *comparative* stranger," Miss Willie declared.

"U—um," said the Colonel. He kept his peace a little while, considering what was the standing of a person who was not a stranger to Miss Willie, even by comparison. Miss Willie was silent also. She realized that she had marred her chance of getting good advice from the Colonel, and the knowledge did not lend her calm.

*

"H—hm," the Colonel began after a time, "I had hoped—the relations which I considered friendly between us had led me to hope that at some time it might be permissible for me to renew my suit, but your tone to-night discourages me."

"I'm glad to hear it," retorted Miss Willie.

"H—hm," commented the Colonel. He took his thumbs out of his waistcoat and looked down at the broad white expanse illuminated by the hall lamp. It was evident that he thought Miss Willie was missing a good thing and a good deal of it.

Miss Willie patted the gallery floor with her foot. In the black night, far beyond the garden, some negroes went singing down the street.

Inside the house some one tramped to the head of the stairs and called, "Daddy, didn't you go for the mail?"

"No, son," the Colonel answered over his shoulder; "I've been talking to Miss Willie."

There were running footsteps on the stairway, and a plump, round-faced young man came out on the gallery.

"You might go now, Daddy," he suggested.

"Why don't you go?" asked the Colonel.

The young man laughed. "Because it's my turn to talk to Miss Willie."

Miss Willie rose and gave her chair an impatient push across the boards. "What if I don't want to be talked to? What if I'm cross and tired?"

"Then son and I'll both go to the post-office," said the Colonel promptly. He put his arm through the young man's and drew him toward the steps.

Miss Willie stood with her hands on the railing of the gallery. She was trembling from head to foot. "This will never do—I shall lose them all!" she told herself. Young Davis turned toward her, half resisting his father. "Go on, go on," she said gently; "but I shall be rested to-morrow night."

"Wait a minute," the Colonel panted. He gave a vigorous jerk to his son's arm, as if to fix him where he stood, and went back up the steps, fumbling in one of his pockets. Half mechanically Miss Willie put out her hand. He laid a roll of bills in it. "For the two of us," he said; "and—ah—will you desire that this should make any difference in our—ah—arrangements?"

"Not unless you wish it," she told him.

He puffed gratefully. "By no means, and—ah—thank you," he said. He turned down the steps, took his son by the arm again, and walked him off down the fading avenue of light from the hall door.

*

"It's the muffins, or the waffles, or the coffee—or all of them," Miss Willie thought. She went wearily into the hall. Under the swinging lamp Alvin Dane met her with a crisp bill in his hand. His face was wistful. "Are you going in from the gallery?" he asked.

"Yes; I'm very tired. Did you want to talk to me?"

His thin, gentle face colored warmly. "I—Miss Willie, I always want to talk to you, but another evening will do as well. I started to come out once or twice, but there was always some one ahead of me."

"You should have come just the same. I should have been glad," she said. She started up the stairway, but turned before she reached the landing. "Mr. Dane," she asked, "if you wanted to give another person a gift and not have him know from whom it came, what would you do?"

"Why, I hardly know," the young man said. He glanced around him in a deprecating way, as if seeking for some one whom he might allow to answer first. As there was no one there he looked back at the white figure on the stairs. "Why, perhaps," he suggested with a light, uneasy laugh, "if it were not too large, I might slip it under his plate at table."

"That's so," Miss Willie laughed. "Good-night."

She went upstairs to her own room, lighted a lamp and put away all the money excepting one bill, which she kept in her hand; then she took the lamp, went back into the hall, peered all around her cautiously, and when she was sure that no one saw her, opened a door which led to another stairway and went tip-toeing up into the garret.

*

It was a big place, and the lamp only half lighted it. A night breeze came in at the window, mysteriously fluttering garments which hung from pegs, and making the lamp flare. She put the lamp on a shelf, selected a key from a bunch which hung at her waist, sat down by a trunk and unlocked it. In the tray there was a small box which she took out and opened. It was full of money; she began counting the bills and metal pieces until her lap and the floor around her were strewn with orderly little piles of cash. There were twenty of the piles, and each of them amounted to a hundred dollars.

"You might slip it under his plate at table," she murmured.

Nearly all the bills were fresh and clean, and yet she fingered them disdainfully. They crackled with a dry, ungrateful sound. Against the wall outside the branch of a China tree, which she and Henry Baudelaire had planted together, kept tapping, tapping, like a ghost. A big tear splashed down on one of the piles of money. She lifted her head, clasped her hands together, and strained her gaze toward the dark opening of the window. "How can I give it to him so that he will never know?" she thought. The

—she began counting the bills and metal pieces

black square of the window blurred out of sight. She buried her head in her hands and her tears pattered down on the bills. She was thinking of Baudelaire, happy in his old home, and of herself still boarding lawyers alone in hers.

She looked up with a start, as if some one had touched her. A few feet away Baudelaire was standing, staring at the hundred-dollar stacks. She stared at him, too dazed to wipe her eyes. His own little roll of bills was crushed unnoticed in one of his hands, and his face was shocked, as if he were weighing her years of unremitting toil against the value of her hoarded money.

"Willie, what have you saved this for?" he demanded.

She picked up a fold of her white dress and pressed it against her lips. His disapproval choked her, and his eyes would not let her look away. She rose, letting the money drop around her.

"Why," she faltered, "it's for you." She stretched out her hands to him. "Oh, Henry!" she pleaded.

"For me!" he echoed. It took a moment for the meaning of the words to reach him; then he stepped back from her, and she saw that he was white around the mouth. "Thank you," he said; "you must take me for somebody else. You can give your money to some other man."

"But it is to buy back your house!" she cried. "It's because you've been so sad, so homesick all these years."

*

Baudelaire's pale lips narrowed to a line. He opened them once to answer, but locked the words back savagely. When she laid her hand on his arm he shook it off.

She stepped back in her turn, wondering at the flame of resentment in his eyes. Her cheeks grew so hot that the tears dried on them. "I am not aware of having insulted you in any way," she said bitterly. "I supposed we were old enough friends to offer each other either money or service and not come to blows. This is money which I have not needed. It has been my pleasure to think that some time there would be enough of it to buy back your house and wipe out the last trace of our disaster. I meant to find some way to give it to you so that you should never know where it came from. I thought you might have some foolish scruple, though I never dreamed you would take offense—but why should there be subterfuges between us two?"

*

She choked back a sob and stood wordless for a moment, her burning face confronting his pallid one, the yellowed dusk of the lamplight stretching between.

"To see you so homesick that you could not go in sight of your old house," she murmured at last; "it has been more than I could bear."

"And you thought I would accept money from you—from any woman?" he broke out. "I'm grateful for your good opinion."

"It is evident that we have ceased to be friends," she retorted; "but our business relations have never ceased, and there is no more reason why you should refuse to take money from me than I from you. I have always understood that a woman's honor was to be guarded in such matters, but I take your money without a qualm."

"Take my money! You take it in return for board."

"Well, if there is no friendship left—if you will not take it because we grew up like brother and sister, and because you can give me more pleasure by taking it than in any other way—if there must be 'value received' between us, then I beg you to take it as a matter of business restitution. You know very well that papa made mistakes just at the end; his judgment failed; he made things worse, and——" her voice had grown tremulous—"and I surely have a right to make good any loss he caused—to restore his honor."

Baudelaire's lips quivered. "Willie," he said, "your father's honor has never suffered through me. There is no dishonor in the mistakes of a man overpowered by misfortune; and besides, I loved him. Don't talk to me of making good the loss he caused. There may be men who would think any excuse good for accepting money you've slaved to earn, but I'm not one of them."

She clutched her hands together, and the color faded out of her face until she was as white as he. "Is there nothing that can make you take it?" she asked. "With each dollar I brought here I thought how it would make you happy. I—it made life worth while. I had nothing else to care about—nothing else to work for." Her eyes were heavy with tears. She looked away so that he could not see her face.

*

All the years when she had seemed so well contented passed before him—years of toil for him. He saw her stealing up the garret stairway with her coins and bills to hide until there were enough of them to make him happy. She had thought that he would take her money and go his way, leaving her working on alone, and yet she had nothing else to work for, nothing else to care about, except to buy back the house he loved. Suddenly he passed his hand across his forehead; then he dropped it at his side and stood staring at her. After a long time he cleared his throat.

"Willie," he said, "I haven't seen that house in ten years."

"I know. Why are you so cruel to yourself and me?"

He was silent again, and the branch of the China tree scraped impatiently upon the wall. "Willie," he began again, "even if I could accept your money honorably, I don't believe it would pay me to go back."

"Pay you? I don't know what you mean."

He leaned against one of the posts which supported the roof. "I've always supposed that I wanted to go back," he mused aloud; "I don't know when it was that I changed."

"Henry Baudelaire," she asked sharply, "do you mean that you don't want to go back and live in your old house?"

"Ten years is a long time," he said. He passed his hand over his forehead again; then he stepped forward and took hold of her arm. She could feel him trembling. "Listen, Willie," he begged. "Just now, when you began to talk to me about buying back my old house, I was angry; any man would have been to think you expected him to take your money." He paused, and they could hear a shutter slamming somewhere in the rising breeze.

"Well?" she prompted.

"I was angry, and yet after a little I began to picture it to myself—the going back. I thought how pitiful it was that you should want so much to have me go, and I should want so much to go, and yet it should be impossible. I thought how it would have been if the money had come to me in some other way, and I saw myself walking all alone toward the gate and feeling—oh, such happiness!"

"Just as you would," she said.

"Wait! I could see myself go in at the gate and walk up the drive, looking all around me, like a boy home from school; but Willie, I didn't quite know what I was looking for, and I began to feel lonesome in a queer, vague way. It took only an instant to think it all—it was just one thought. I hurried along the drive and was running up the steps of the house, when, Willie, what do you think I found?"

She shook her head.

He put his other hand on her shoulder and looked into her eyes. "Some men wouldn't tell you this, Willie, or if they did they would say it was a long time ago; but it wasn't a long time ago; it was just now. I was running up the steps of the house, when I found it was not my old house I had come to; it was this house—it was yours."

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She felt herself quivering as he looked at her. She could not meet his eyes. "Well?" she asked again in a breaking voice.

"That is almost all," he said. "I tried to put my house in the place of yours, and I couldn't—it wouldn't come back to my mind. It was your house I saw." He drew her close to him, bending so that he could see her face. "Willie," he pleaded, "were you coming to meet me at the door?"

She gave a little sob and buried her face on his shoulder. She could feel his arms holding her closer, and his cheek against her hair. The breeze from the window stirred around them, rustling the crisp bills which would buy back her own house, the house which they both loved. Outside in the black night some negroes came singing up the street.

Suddenly Miss Willie lifted her head. "What will my lawyers say?" she asked.

A look of mischief came into Henry Baudelaire's eyes. "It is my impression," he said, "they will say 'Good-by.'"

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Why Young Men Leave the Farm

MR. MARKHAM'S poem about the Man with the Hoe, who is a "monstrous thing" and "brother to the ox," and has "the emptiness of ages in his face," has seemed to some persons to reflect upon the dignity of agricultural labor, and large rewards have been offered, through a New York newspaper, by an unknown man, who wants the other side of the story to be told. This gentleman feels that the influence of Mr. Markham's verses is pernicious, and tends to breed contempt for manual labor. He declares that there are thousands of young men in this country who have been "educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them," so that in many cases they have grown to be ashamed of it, and of their parents, too. They want money, but they want to earn it in a "genteel" way, and so, he says, they quit the farm and go to town, try to find work they are not fit to do, and become poor creatures generally.

Now it is true enough that lots of country boys go to the cities, and that farm labor in harvest time is scarce, but that the reason for it is that agricultural labor has come to be despised does not seem to be true at all. The man with a hoe whom Mr. Markham saw in Millet's picture is not a type of any class that exists, or ever has existed, in the United States. We never have had in this country a class of cowed, stupid field laborers who lived on black bread and onions, and had no fun. The American farmer has always been, as a rule, a respected and self-respecting man, and where he has become "monstrous," or "oxlike," or suffered other detrimental transformations, it has been the fault or misfortune of the individual, and not the fault of his calling.

Farming is in high esteem in this country to-day. No son who is not a fool is ashamed of a father because he was a farmer. The calling is universally regarded as independent and honorable. The drawback to it, so far as there is any drawback, is that it is not always sufficiently remunerative. Eastern farmers who have to compete with the vast cornfields and wheatfields of the West cannot make money as easily as they used. Their land will not pay wages to as many men as it once did, because wages are higher than they were, and wheat is lower. Moreover, farm machinery has enabled farming to be done with much less labor than formerly. If the man with the hoe has oftentimes dropped his hoe and moved to town, it has been largely because the hoe wouldn't support him. It has not been because he despised the hoe, but because he saw better chances elsewhere. The bell punch on the trolley car at a dollar and a half a day has seemed a better implement than the hoe at twenty dollars a month.

The farm in America gets all the labor it can support. If it suffers at times for lack of hands it is not because farming is despised, but because an enormous growth of other laborious occupations compete with it for labor. The farm is popular, but it is not popular enough to hold the farmers' sons who believe that they have it in them to do better elsewhere. It never has been popular enough for that. It could not hold the Washburns, nor the Fields, nor Lincoln, nor Garfield, nor Bryant, nor hundreds of thousands of other Americans who have gone from it to usefulness in other spheres. The farm is the great nursery of men. It should hold its own, but it should not hold all the men it raises. The country cannot spare them all to the uses of hoe or plough.

—E. S. MARTIN.

Some men write fiction while others make crop estimates.

The Uprising of the Vegetarians

THE present rise in the price of meat has furnished an opportunity for our old friends the vegetarians which they have not failed to grasp. Never mind about the price of meat, say they; let it go as high as it will; the higher the price of meat the better for humanity; ho, every one that hungereth—here is the nutritious turnip, the strengthening string bean, the invigorating crook-neck squash! What would ye?

In fact, the vegetarians have come out in such force during the past few weeks, especially in the correspondence columns of the newspapers, that they have set going the editorial mental machinery, and we have learned leaders in which we are told that as a nation we *do* eat too much meat, even if the writers cannot go the whole length and advise us not to eat any. This sort of talk sounds beautiful, especially when meat is dear, but there are stubborn persons who still hold to the belief that as a nation we do not eat too much meat—if, indeed, we eat enough. Some persons, no doubt, eat too much, but a greater number (so say these stubborn gluttons) would be better off if they ate more.

Of course, in all these vegetarian articles our old acquaintance, the East Indian porter, is brought forward. Where would the vegetarians be without this hardy individual? The Indian porter (sometimes he's a Chinese coolie, according to the taste of the writer) is a man who will carry four hundred pounds on his head, travel at the rate of eight miles an hour for fourteen hours, and then eat a handful of raw rice, sleep on the ground, hop up before sunrise, snatch a drink of water, and again start off across the dusty desert on a dead run, his four-hundred-pound load, as before, resting jauntily on his noble brow. The dietary example of this extraordinary person we are told we should follow.

Unfortunately there are several reasons why we should not follow the dietary example of this desert trotter. In the first place, few of us have any occasion to take large loads on our heads and bolt rapidly across the desert. Some of us are engaged indoors and use our heads for other purposes—as, for instance, trying to figure out how we shall pay our butcher's bill. But a far more important reason is that the sturdy brother to the steam engine exists only in the vegetarian imagination, inflamed, alas! by the Graham "gem" and the patent coffee. A well-fed European laborer can, in the long run, do more and heavier work than the Hindu, no matter if the latter's daily allowance be cut down to a single grain of rice. Further, medical men tell us that the Asiatic has, through a course of several thousand years of rice, brought about such a change in his digestive economy that it cannot with much more reason be compared to that of the European than can that of the ingenious domestic cow fortified with the suite of stomachs. Finally, if a course of rice has produced the burden-bearing races of India and China, it shows rice to be an excellent food to avoid.

No; the European race will continue to eat meat. The mucilaginous dish of oatmeal, the sterilized bran gem, the rasping corncake, the leathery stewed prune, the musty glass of boiled water, the malodorous cabbage and the pulpy rubber-neck summer squash are all excellent things in their way, but must not be confounded with food. Meat may be a poison, but we can console ourselves with the observation of Artemus Ward concerning another toxicant. "Coffee," said Mr. Ward—"coffee is a slow poison—slowest poison known."

—HAYDEN CARRUTH.

If it should ever be decided to teach politics in the public schools some of the trustees could be used as horrible examples.

The Future of Palestine

IT IS very remarkable how persistently a large portion of mankind insists upon regarding the future of Palestine as in some mysterious way associated with the destiny of the race. The feeling is not confined to Christians, among whom the stupendous events enacted in that country have become the groundwork of faith; it is shared in by Jews and Mohammedans, both of whom alike regard that little strip of territory that has been under the heel of the Turk so long with a vague belief that at some time, in some way, it is to be the scene of tremendous events affecting both the religious and political well-being of all peoples.

The persistency of this belief is all the more remarkable because the material interests of the nations and the conditions of Palestine do not warrant it. The country itself is a strip of land no larger than the State of Vermont, hemmed in on one side by an almost inaccessible coast, and on the other by the Syrian Desert. Denuded of its timber and made arid by tyranny and neglect, it offers little temptation to the territorial greed of Europe or the vast industrial schemes of modern enterprise. And yet, notwithstanding all this, the legendary interest of the domain for three vast divisions of the human family, and the profound conviction that somehow this memorable spot lies waiting either for a new evangel or a political crisis, have so entered into the minds of men that Palestine with each succeeding year becomes more and more the Mecca of civilization and the mystery of the ages.

The population of Jerusalem is now three times what it was thirty years ago, and a large proportion of this influx has been made up of Jews and Christians, who here bridge their differences with a common veneration. At the last annual meeting of the Palestine Exploring Fund in London, at which Lord Amherst presided, the reports of this slow but steady growth occasioned considerable surprise. It was shown that in spite of the discouraging conditions of labor, and existence generally under the Turkish tax-gatherer, there was a steady increase, not only of capital, intelligence and enterprise, but of the world's interest in the future of the country, and that something quite independent of commercial attractiveness was slowly changing the aspect of affairs along the Jordan Valley, where colonies of Jews are now planting olive gardens and vineyards side by side with Christians who are planting chapels and schools.

This growth and restitution of the Holy Land by agencies that elsewhere have been antagonistic presents one of the most profound phenomena of our time, for in each of the sects is the same ineradicable belief that the territory that has been buried so long "under the drums and tramplings" of a hundred conquests is once more in some mysterious and millennial way to put on its beautiful garments. Such a sentiment, surviving and growing, despite the Westward pressure of the world's activities, must in any aspect of it command our reverential attention. Already Palestine is the centre of a world-wide pilgrimage. Not only the Christian, but the Jew and the Mohammedan go there to muse amid its ruins, and, mayhap, if not like Kubla, who,

> "Mid this tumult heard from far,
> Ancestral voices prophesying war,"

they may at least, in the cofraternity of interests, be helping to realize one of the oldest prophecies of peace.

—A. C. WHEELER.

A good heart is always better than a great head.

The Stroke of Genius

IN ONE of his charming sketches, the late Alphonse Daudet describes how an ambitious French politician went forth into the country one day seeking the solitude and inspiration of Nature that he might the better compose a great oration which he meant soon to deliver before an assembly of his compeers. Deep in a wood, amid the flowers, with the birds singing around him, he essayed to begin the important work; but he could proceed no further than the fourth word. "Gentlemen and beloved constituents," he wrote and repeated, with the odor of violets sweet in his nostrils and the haunting note of the nightingale filling his ears. That was all he could think of; his brain stopped, simply luxuriating in the sensuous delights with which it was overwhelmingly assailed. We are not told how the orator succeeded when the time for delivery arrived; yet the fact that he was found a little later, not writing a speech at all, but diligently nibbling violets and scratching down a poem, gives us a hint well worth laying to heart.

Nature pours out the refreshment we need, or we intuitively select from her riches just what will renew the worn places in our imagination, and it is safe to assume that Daudet's politician worked the poetry into his oration with refreshing effect upon those who heard it.

Daniel Webster liked a day's fishing alone by the brookside, not so much for the trout he sometimes hooked, as for the opportunity to browse amid the ancient yet ever comforting and encouraging simples that grow where Nature has not been rectified by Art. In dreaming over one of his masterly sweeps of eloquence he drew in the pounding undertones of the waterfalls and the singing of the wind on high in tossing treetops. We feel the weight of the cliffs and the majesty of the mountains in his periods. Tennyson, more than any other modern genius, has brewed from Nature's wildest growths a draught for the most enlightened imagination. Poets as different from each other as Keats and Burns have reached nearly the same result; for, after all, the tremendous human appeal of the plowboy's tender songs scarcely surpasses that so subtly irradiated from the Ode to a Nightingale. We feel that both poets come to us direct from the unshorn nooks of Nature, but by way of opposite paths. The painters show the same indebtedness to the old, old fountain; each master arriving from some haunt of freshness bearing his load of wild honey and his smack of thyme and violets. It is by this we know them, by this we separate them from the crowding hordes that overrun the slopes of Parnassus, trying to take the height of fame by sheer persistence and reckless audacity.

But what is the practical application of this discovery that the simple wells of Nature are the only sources of freshness? The pregnant answer is, there can be no practical application. For the practical, teachable part of art is but that which the artisan can command. Charles Baudelaire, taking his cue from Poe's analysis of how the Raven was composed, asserted that he could impart the secret of writing poetry in a few easy lessons. But who since Poe has learned how to write a wonder like the Raven? By a little study of that remarkable poem we find that, while the form and style of it have a decided fascination, the true source of its permanent grip of the imagination lies far below mere oddity of composition. The human appeal comes out straight and irresistible from the soul that lies in the shadow on the floor—the ancient and ineradicable shadow of death which hovers in every nook of the universe. Here is the stroke of genius, no matter how made—the stroke that falls, as the lightning falls, always with a startling certainty, out of some simple combination of old, old elements drawn from the most obvious phases of Nature and life.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

The only thing that envy buys is disappointment.

The Practical Value of Dreamers

FEW realize the immense effect of the imagination upon the material realities of life. Not only those who follow fads, those who are subject to superstitions, those who suffer fancied ailments, and those who are healed by faith, but all the rest of the world, even the most matter-of-fact men and women, owe their progress or their degradation, and the main portion of their joys and sorrows, to their imaginative faculty. The ideal moulds us all.

The best of life is its illusions. If we could only see what is to be seen, if our love and desire had no food but facts, if the rainbows of the ideal did not always hover over the dull actuality, no soldier would enlist, no man would labor a lifetime to lay up a competence, no mother could endure to rear her children, no lover would be enamored of his mistress' face; indeed, the race would sink in the despair of drudgery, and the lamp of human joy would be extinguished.

The ideal is the best part of our work. No sermon is so good as the one that escaped the preacher in his study. No painting is so fine as the one whose evanescent colors the artist could never catch upon his canvas, though they swung as ghosts of clouds in the sky of his mind. Every great musical composition is but a compromise between the ravishing sounds that flood the composer's soul and the stubborn instruments that fret under the harness of metal and wood and string. The sweetest, the grandest thing in our life is the illusion which hangs constantly before us, which we never can seize, and which, as we die, we still look toward and sigh for, trusting that in another world we can reach it.

In taking an inventory of our age we should reckon our dreams, and the dreamers of them, as our best possession; for they are the sureties of the future. What the age to come will be is determined by what this age dreams. The institutions of to-day are the fruit of the aspirations of yesterday. The ebullient writers of the days of the French Revolution did not put forth their brilliant theories in vain, nor were those theories quenched by the violence of their time nor smothered by the age of reaction that followed; but now a hundred years afterward the civilized world has quietly moved up, attempting to occupy, by institutional and governmental reality, what was once deemed the cloudland of "liberty, equality and fraternity." Had the young Galilean not gone about doing good; had He not spoken those parables and apothegms that idealize fraternity, altruism and sanctity of human life, there would be no vast church benevolences, no missions, no democracy, no Christian civilization.

Every optimist belongs to the assets of the race; every pessimist is a dead loss. All honor to those who in sweat and pain of labor build the walls of our civilization; but let us not forget those who sing songs to them as they toil; for where there is no song, labor is cursed. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Orpheus built the walls of Thebes with the music of his lute, it is said; and it is true certainly that no great work of society has ever risen in glory and majesty except the poet and the prophet brought down fire from Heaven to warm the hearts of the workers.

—FRANK CRANE.

Washington society is more complex, and therefore more difficult to comprehend, than that of any other city in the United States. Indeed, it has as many phases as the most cosmopolitan centres of Europe. Society in most American and European cities is a known quantity. This is especially true of the society in the Eastern and Southern cities in this country. Almost any citizen of average intelligence in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah or New Orleans can tell one at once who is considered in society in those centres. One's social status in any of these cities is apt to fix it in another. If a man becomes ambitious socially and happens to find himself outside the charmed circle in Baltimore, for instance, it will avail him little to move to Philadelphia or New York. But to all such persons Washington is the Mecca.

There is no fixed rule by which one person is denied entrance into society here and another debarred. It is not a matter of introduction, for I have seen some lamentable failtures come under this head. It is not money, always, that opens the door to the exclusive circles of the Capital City, for there are living to-day in Washington millionaires who have never emerged out of the official circles and to whom the smart set is a sealed mystery. It is not even birth, for some of the best born people of this city as well as in others are daily being pushed to the wall and to social obscurity. Official life is of great assistance to some, but as a general rule it is a barrier.

Men who have failed to place their families in the most exclusive sets when they were in Congress have returned often as private citizens to find a welcome. Some members of the House and Senate who are comparatively poor in this world's goods are eagerly sought after, while others with wealth and far greater political influence seem incapable of making any headway in the social world. In order to get a comprehensive idea of Washington society and its component parts it is well to review it as a whole from a distance; then by coming closer one may be able to see some fine line of demarcation and trace certain causes which lead society to admit one and exclude another.

The outsider usually thinks of Washington society as a grand mêlée of Senators, members of the House, Cabinet officers, Generals, Admirals and political leaders, whose faces one can instantly recognize from their pictures in the newspapers. I have heard a young woman ask her hostess whom she was visiting to point out the celebrities in the room. "My dear," responded this *grande dame*, "I do not think there is one here." The young woman was at one of the smartest affairs of the season, but she began to think at once that her friend was not really so much in society after all. This was an exceptional case, for every hostess, no matter how indifferent to titles, always likes to have one or two well-known lay figures in her drawing-rooms. It is this admixture of sets that makes Washington charming. No dinner is made up in Washington purely of social flippants, as is often the case in other cities; but there will be among them men and women of note—travelers, politicians, titled officers of the Government, and possibly a sprinkling of diplomats. Washington society is no clique in which the same people dance, dine, visit, attend teas and receptions, within a limited range. It is this very cosmopolitan aspect which gives to Washington its special charm, but which at the same time makes its leaders, in whatever set they belong, careful not to admit any one without some special reason for doing so.

One person says that Washington society represents mind over matter; another, that social adaptability is the only test. I have heard one witty woman say that Washington society represented a few people of refined taste who have come together for self-preservation and mutual protection. All of these definitions are wrong or else represent a very narrow view, to say the least. Because one is in high official life is no reason to think that he or she is high in the social scale. Yet paradoxical as it may seem, it is the official life here which sets the pace and keeps the wheels revolving. It is this continuous influx of officials, however, which causes the Washingtonians proper to keep the lines drawn and to choose and pick their acquaintances with such extreme care.

There are three distinct sets which contribute to this set which, for a better term, might be called the exclusive society. There is, first, the "official set," composed entirely of families who are in official life; second, there are the old residents of Washington and the District of Columbia; and third, there is what is known as the "smart set," composed almost entirely of rich people who have come to the Capital from other cities, whose tap-roots are often hidden in the obscure West. These are three distinct and clearly defined sets in Washington. The old residents know one another, and birth is the *sine qua non* to them. They represent the best families of Virginia and Maryland, and are more jealous of their rights and prerogatives than any one set in any city to be found in this or any other country. Wealth has no more effect upon these people than we are told it will have in the hereafter. They stand for the best there is, and may be said to be the basic principle of Washington society as a whole. Every one, in no matter what set he or she belongs, wants to be recognized by these old families, yet in the smarter and faster set they speak of these Washingtonians as the "Cave-Dwellers." Pedigree, and not pocketbooks, is the star that guides them and keeps them steadfast in their course. Yet members of the official set who have certain qualities to recommend them are eagerly welcomed in their homes. This set includes many of the old families of the Army and Navy, and is sometimes erroneously called "the Army and Navy Circle."

The "smart set" includes the very rich who have taste in dress, possess handsome homes and the knack of entertaining well, and the ability to be agreeable. It includes also the millionaires of birth and education who naturally drift to those persons who travel, whom they meet abroad annually, and who, like themselves, are eager in the "up-to-date pursuits." It also includes many families of meagre means whose temperaments and environments fit them for a fast-moving life, or whose conversation and small talk is all in one direction. The leaders in Washington of this set happen to come largely from other cities. They build handsome homes and cultivate the old residents. Some are recognized by these old Washingtonians, and with this indorsement they soon become independent.

Official society is still more complicated. While it is more or less snubbed by the other two sets, yet without it Washington would be as dreary the year round as it is in summer. Max O'Rell said of Washington that when Congress was in session it was delirious; when it was absent the city was hopeless. Washington, of course, would not be here but for Congress. Many of the "smart" families would never have come East at all, and the old residents would have found permanent lodgment in Alexandria, Baltimore or Richmond. But official society is free for all, without any handicap. The doors of the official are always left open to any other official. It is the froth, the sizz, the sparkle of society in the Capital. Each set of officials has its day for receiving. For instance, Monday has for years been known as the Supreme Court day. On that day the wives of the Chief Justice and his associate Justices are at home to receive callers. Strangers and visitors to the city feel perfectly at liberty to call on the wives of the Justices, and they avail themselves of the privilege.

Tuesday has been preëmpted by the wives of the members of the House of Representatives, while Wednesday is known as Cabinet day. On Thursday "Madame la Senator" holds court, and this is one of the most popular days in the week for visiting. Swarms of carriages and people afoot can be seen on Thursdays making the round of Senatorial homes. This leaves only two days for the unofficial residents to receive unless they want to clash with one of the official days. As a rule, the residents choose Friday or Saturday. Official society is automatic. It mingles with itself, but within it are to be found some very charming and delightful cliques. Some Cabinet families never move out of it. Brought up in an atmosphere of politics, they find any other society in Washington tame and dull. Other families who have come from the exclusive circles in their own States naturally seek water level in this city or in any other in which they may temporarily sojourn.

The family at the White House stands at the top of Washington official society. It is at the White House that the official season is opened. In fact, all sets and cliques wait for the wife of the President to give the signal before opening their homes for formal entertainments. Some of the most charming officials and their wives come and go and are never known beyond their own surroundings. This may be due to the fact that Washington society is exclusive and wary of newcomers, or because the official himself does not care to make the effort to meet any save those with whom he naturally comes in contact. Others at once take an exalted place in Washington society and become important factors.

Apart from any distinctive set, there are the writers, the painters, the sculptors, who make up the literary clique, which moves where it wills and chooses the companionship of the brightest in all the other sets. The important fact to remember, however, is that each set is distinct and clearly defined. But above and beyond the scope of each is that society which includes the best there is in each, the most adaptable there is in each, or the cleverest or best-born there is in each.

—ARCHIBALD WILLINGHAM BUTT.

BE A GOOD BOY; GOOD-BY

By JOHN L. SHROY

HOW oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy; good-by."

"Be a good boy; good-by." It seems
They have followed me all these years.
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink,
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-by."

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting or nearing its close,
This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes.

. . . . . .

Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs,
Be a good boy; good-by.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

It is a rainy day on an Oregon farm, and the farmer has just finished perusing the last number of the POST, the most all-round readable paper which comes to his hands. The POST is keeping the promises it made at the beginning of the year remarkably well. Don't let the poetical editor go napping too often. This may be a busy generation, but the circle of readers that enjoy the POST'S weekly visits will always find time for good poems.

Many thanks for your editorial some time ago contrasting "the taste for literature" in the country and in the city. Among the writer's most enjoyable recollections are the long evenings spent before an open fireplace of a farmhouse in the backwoods of Ontario, when newspapers and magazines were not so frequent as at present, and where the arrival of the one weekly was an event looked forward to and enjoyed by anticipation days in advance. There, too, acquaintance was made with The Scottish Chiefs, Jane Eyre, A Tale of Two Cities, Our Mutual Friend, and Fenimore Cooper's Indian stories, whose characters still rise in review associated with that long-gone time.

In the POST recently a writer said: "The Ten Commandments were all negations. A man might keep every one of them and still lead a weak, colorless, useless life."

Surely this is a little radical. Among the Israelites, men who succeeded in keeping all the Commandments do not seem to have been very plentiful, yet there were many lives which could hardly fairly be termed colorless and useless. And the new order of things that Christ came to establish only made one new Commandment necessary, "That ye love one another."

Tutuilla, Oregon. C. E. MCLELLAN.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The writer of Education and Discontent has so associated the two as to make it appear that education is the cause of discontent. He would not have fallen into that fallacy had he given a clear definition of the terms.

While education is the acquisition of knowledge, discontent is an abnormal condition of human life. Against his quoting an unnamed distinguished writer let me quote what Disraeli says in Endymion, which I regard as nearest the truth: "But, after all, there is no education like adversity."

I have assumed that discontent is an abnormal condition of human life. The Author of our existence has put discontent under a ban, yet the writer says that young men owe it to themselves to be discontented.

Let me mention the sayings of two other men who are still regarded as authority. H. W. Beecher, in a lecture to young men, said: "To be pressed down by adversity has nothing in it of disgrace, but it is disgraceful to lie down under it like a supple dog."

Mathews says in his Getting On in the World: "The school of adversity graduates the ablest pupils." Has not the writer of Education and Discontent discovered that our system of education is faulty? H. A. BUCK.

Vincennes, Indiana.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

There is much truth in the article from the pen of Mr. Thompson that Education and Discontent seem to be closely allied, but there is no doubt to one familiar with the inner life of the average farm home that the element of discontent gains a start in the minds of the young almost as soon as they begin to reason.

That this prevailing discontent should be considered as harmful in the furtherance of our youth acquiring a higher education seems at first thought to be admissible, but when we get right down to the prime necessity for the farm-raised youth of this and the coming generation, their very existence—beyond that of constant drudgery—will depend upon the volume of acquired and practical knowledge which they shall bring to bear upon the use of, and productions from, their hands.

There may be many who, through receiving a higher education, will become troubled with cranial inflation and leave the farms for the more active but not always more remunerative life in the city. FRANK HIRD.

Stanton, New Jersey.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I was much pleased by an article in the POST on The Sinews of Peace. In this age in which men glorify war and run over each other to honor the hero, it is pleasant to find a recognition of the conquests of peace. The forces and virtues that make for peace and civilization outshine martial glory.

We have made immense strides in the arts and sciences. We have annihilated space and time, and tied the ends of the earth together with iron rails and telegraph wires, and then harnessed the steam and chained the lightning and made them our servants. But, according to a recent magazine writer, these crowning works of genius count for nothing unless we have ravaged homes, despoiled the land of its wealth, and filled trenches wide, deep and long with the slain. We have carried out successfully a grand scheme of representative democracy, popularized education, built up vast industries, and secured the largest individual liberty and happiness.

These results, however, dwindle to insignificance unless we have thrashed somebody, mowed down armies, soaked battle-fields with blood, mangled our fellow-men and filled hospitals.

Even music has been employed to invest the scene of carnage with charm and fascination. We see and hear it in the sweet strains and measured cadences that represent the preparation for battle, the first onslaught, the successive charges, the boom of cannon, the shout of victory and the triumphant march of the conquering army which returns amid the plaudits of the people.

But alas! what a revelation of our short-sightedness and perversity! The conscience has been deceived by a scene as delusive as the exhibitions of the stage and as unreal as the plots of the novel. Like Apollo, whose anger over the stealing of his harp by Mercury soon gave way to admiration of the skill displayed in the theft, so we, fixing our attention on some daring deed, lose sight of war's cruelty and desolation. It is time to strip war of its embellishments and unmask its essential hatefulness and hideousness. L. N. MOORE.

Cloud, Iowa.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Thompson's idea that "discontent encourages progress" is a truth needing many repetitions. The world's greatest scientists, philosophers and literary men have been those who were continuously dissatisfied with their achievements, and that dissatisfaction led them on to further accomplishments.

Mr. Thompson, or any other writer, will do a good work by preaching the gospel of "education for its own sake." The commercial idea of usefulness and intrinsic value is too often applied to education. Educating is drawing out, not putting in, and the word is most appropriately given to that process which our youth undergo in our schools and colleges. The value to a community of an educated man or woman is priceless.

He who is disinclined to hew wood or draw water will merit a more lofty position only through the efforts that are born of discontent; but discontent without ambition and perseverance is an unwholesome kind. FRED. N. GATES.

Gloversville, New York.

THE NUISANCE

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

With Pictures by H. C. EDWARDS

PART II

AS BRAISTED leaned against the low brass rail, trembling with excitement, Mrs. Fleming came forward, followed by Mr. Brimm, who, however, halted at a polite distance as the lady accosted the new sailing-master.

"Pardon me," she said abruptly. "I judge by your manner and your somewhat slighting reference to women that you consider us responsible for the desertion of the crew. In a measure we were, as we expressed freely our abhorrence of tobacco, and this, no doubt, strongly influenced Mr. Fanwood. My husband died of tobacco heart, and my son of excessive cigarette smoking, as you know (Braisted did not know); so you can easily understand the attitude of myself and daughter toward the habit; but I assure you, Mr. Braisted, that I did all in my power to prevent this foolish prohibition. I know well the mastery which smoking obtains over sailors, and the irritation consequent on any sudden deprivation."

What Braisted might have said in reply was forestalled by the approach of Mr. Brimm, who had drawn near enough to hear the last remark.

"A slavish, vile and unclean vice," he said didactically. "A little effort of will—a little regard for the cleanliness which is next to godliness, and the habit could be overcome."

"Mr. Brimm," protested the lady, while Braisted stared hard at the speaker, "this gentleman is a—this gentleman says that he is a hard smoker. Please consider the subject closed. Now, Mr. Braisted, tell me plainly. Are we in danger? Do you think it advisable for us to go ashore? I proposed this to my daughter just now, but she resolutely refuses to go."

"Mrs. Fleming," he answered earnestly, "no man can tell the strength of coming wind. The barometer is below twenty-nine; there is a hurricane brewing; there is treacherous holding-ground beneath us, a stretch of shallow water to leeward wide enough to raise a vicious sea, and a low sandspit out there over which this sea would dash and wash us all into the ocean; for if the yacht drags, and strikes a hard spot, she will go to pieces. This much I know; but I do not know that the anchors will not hold. If they do not, I shall slip them and endeavor to run to sea."

"Young man," said Mr. Brimm sternly, "enough of this childish and cowardly croaking! You shall not frighten trusting and dependent women in this manner. You have been ordered off this yacht, and you remain. I have come to enforce the order. Go. I command you."

"You do? Well, I disobey your command." Braisted's voice was quiet, but ominously high-pitched.

Mr. Brimm advanced a step toward him, and for a moment both men, equal in size and weight, threatened, with their eyes, while Mrs. Fleming clasped her hands and stepped back. But it came to nothing. Mr. Brimm, possibly thinking of the better part of valor, turned away, and said, "Come, Mrs. Fleming. It is useless to bandy words with this ruffian."

And with no further word the lady accompanied him; but Braisted was past feeling hurt. Moreover, he half believed he had been named correctly. Yet underneath it all was a slight increment of humiliation in the thought that Mabel Fleming added to her indictment a distrust of his seamanship—his one strong point.

Beyond watching his movements, the party aft paid him no further attention, and while the light of the evening lasted he walked about, familiarizing himself with the running-gear and deck-fittings; he climbed aloft and out the jib-boom to loosen and rehitch gaskets; he descended to the chain locker, unshackled the ends of the chains, and secured them in a manner to be quickly slipped; then, as the blackness covered the sky, he lighted the side lights and binnacle, as well as a few deck-lanterns, which he left in the lamp locker.

During this time he had heard the sound of dishes below deck, and knew that they were eating a supper to which he was not invited; but when he had hoisted the dingey—which he had left to the last for possible use—lashed it and the other boats, and rigged in the swinging booms, he descended the fore-hatch, burst in a door leading to the galley, and helped himself to what he found. Then he lighted his pipe, noticing that his tobacco was getting low, and walked the forward deck—watching and waiting.

About ten o'clock a slight figure crept forward in the darkness. It was the youth, Eugene.

"All turned in aft?" asked Braisted.

"Yes, sir; and I turned out. Did you find something to eat? Heard you smashing things. Might have asked you to dinner, at least."

"Haven't much use for me, I'm afraid," drawled Braisted; "but tell me, boy, why are they all so dead set against common sense? I gave good reasons for expecting trouble to-night."

"It's Lady Fanwood. She'll scald you yet, or poison you. She won't be told anything, and you dared to. Fanwood's a soft lunatic, but she's vicious, and just as crazy. The Governor's all right when you're on to his curves, but he's with the powers that be, every time; and the Flemings are all right—except about 'baccy. They're all luny on that point."

"No wonder the crew finally rebelled and quit," said Braisted with a laugh.

"Yes, and Fanwood went through the forecastle and threw overboard all the old pipes and stray tobacco the men had left. Then they burned sulphur candles to fumigate it. Crazy—crazy as bugs."

Braisted thought of his nearly empty tobacco pouch, and his reserve stock ashore, wondering when he would see it.

"Boy," he said after a moment's silence, "do you or the others know the ropes?"

"The Governor doesn't, and I don't think Fanwood does; but I know most of 'em—all I could learn, so far, in the cruise. Always wanted to go to sea."

"Can you loose the forestaysail, clear away the downhaul, and find the halyards—all in the dark?"

"Yes, sir; I know I can."

"We'll need that sail quickly, if we have to slip."

"I'll help all I can, Mr. Braisted. Shall I stay with you?"

"No; go and turn in. I'll call you all if necessary."

The hurricane found Braisted with his hand on the windlass lever. It was midnight when it came, with no lightning or thunder, but with a steady downpour of rain that lasted ten minutes and drenched him in one. Then followed the wind, a succession of hot blasts which soon merged into a continuous pressure. As the yacht swung head to it, he let the chain run to the end, and dropped the other anchor, for he felt what he had feared—the jarring vibration of the deck which tells of a dragging anchor. Holding back the lever, he allowed this chain to go as fast as it would, and in three minutes a surging of the windlass said that this anchor had bit the ground at the full length of the chain. But to no purpose; there was no lessening of the tremors in the deck, and before the furious rush of wind the yacht drove stern-ward, with her anchors, side by side, bounding, catching, and bounding again. Then there was a sudden stop to the vibrations—a creaking, grinding, straining sound from the windlass, barely distinguishable above the screaming in the rigging; then two sharp shocks, one after the other, and the chains forward of the windlass dropped to the deck and rose again. Both anchors had hooked to some solid ridge of coral, and both chains had parted. Turning toward the fore-hatch, Braisted met the boy struggling up against the wind.

"We're adrift," he shouted in his ear, for the sound aloft was now a buzzing roar. "Loose the foretopmast staysail while I slip the chains. Stand clear as they go out the hawse pipes. Hold on to the downhaul till we're ready to hoist."

The boy answered and climbed out the bowsprit. Before he came in Braisted had released the two ends of chain, regained the deck, fastened the sheet and tautened the halyards. Then they set the small sail—an easy pull for the boy in fine weather, but a task for Braisted's giant strength now; for the yacht had swung broadside to the wind, and was nearly on her beam ends. There was no time to flatten the sheet. Both hurried aft; Braisted shouted in the boy's ear to stand near him and watch for the inlet; for he, at the wheel, would be blinded by the binnacle light.

He saw indistinctly in the darkness two figures in the after companionway as he took the wheel and ground it up; and he heard voices in questioning inflection; but he answered not, and as the vessel payed off and righted, bringing a flood of rain and spindrift into the companionway, the doors were shut.

Braisted never steered straighter; but, doubtful of a compass course picked up after so much sternway, he repeatedly shouted to Eugene, and at last was answered.

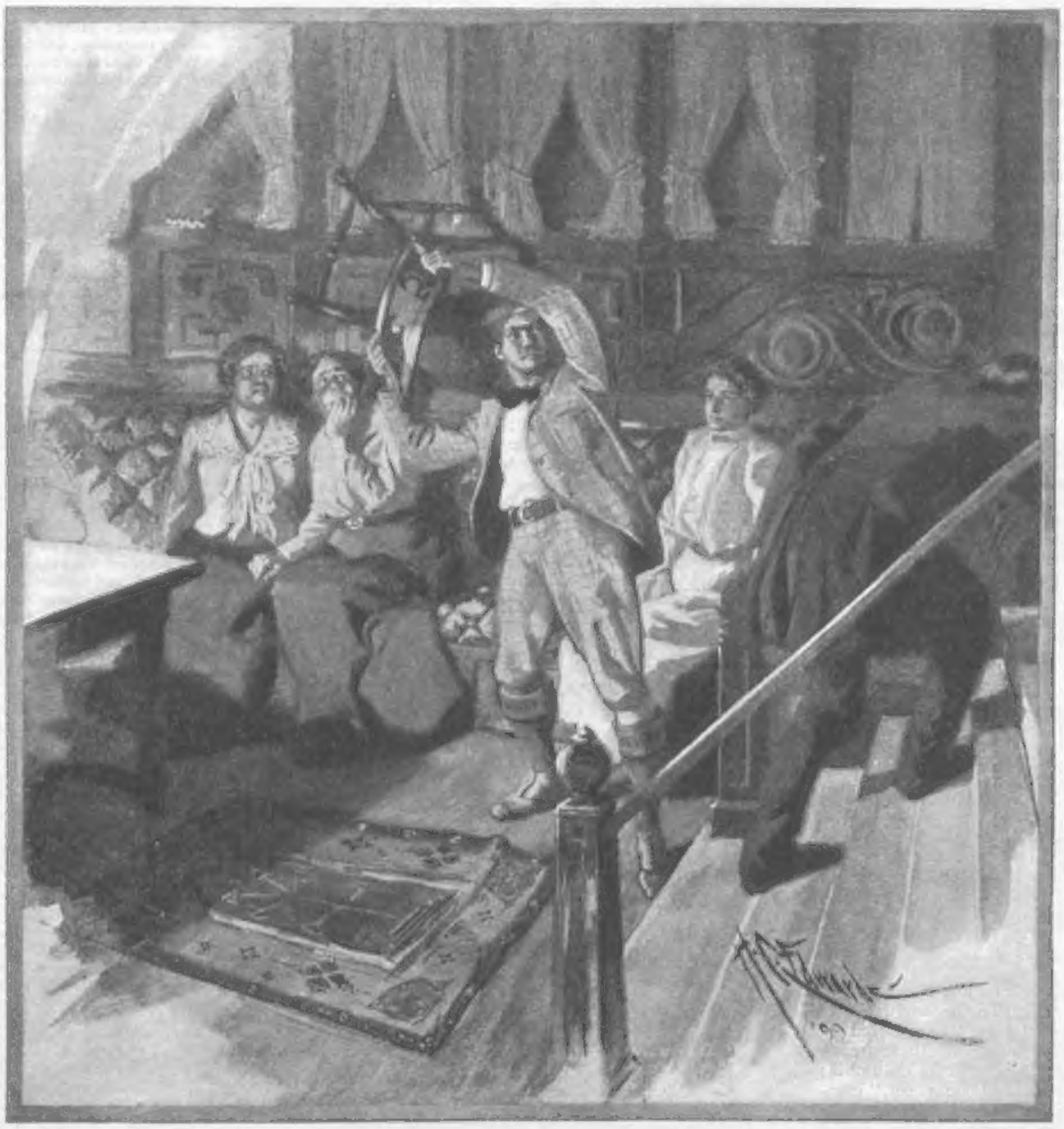
"There's a long flicker of white ahead, and to starboard," called the boy as he came close, "and it's all black to port, and farther over it's white again."

"Breakers on the barrier," he answered, shifting the wheel. "Steady me for the black water."

"Now you're right—steady!" sang out the boy, and Braisted met the yacht's swing and steered to the new course. Soon there was a wild turmoil of surf, and seas climbed aboard; a tugging at the rudder, telling of shallow water, and an uproar of sound over which Braisted could just hear the scream of the boy, "Port, sir!—hard a-port!" He obeyed the warning as he could, for it seemed that giants stronger than himself had hold of the rudder. The yacht quivered in the undertow and eddies, then shook herself clear and went on into the blackness, while the crashing sound of breaking seas gave way to the steady humming of the hurricane.

They were at sea, but with the Bahamas forty miles to the eastward, and a lee shore for a hundred miles of northing. Putting the wheel to starboard, and lashing it, Braisted watched the craft steady herself nearly in the trough of the crisp, fast-rising sea. Then, telling the boy to clear away the spanker gear, he opened the companionway and descended into the lighted after cabin. They were all there, hurriedly dressed, and they met him with a chorus of protest.

"Why do you come down here, thir, all dwipping wet?" demanded Fanwood. "If you like to thtay out in the wain, do tho, but please have the conthiderwation——"



"START—QUICKLY—OR I'LL—"

"What has happened, Mr. Braisted?" asked Mrs. Fleming anxiously.

"Chains parted; slipped them, and got her over the bar. We're outside now."

"You slipped the chains after I forbade you?" stormed Mrs. Fanwood. "Then I command you, sir, to take this yacht right back."

"Impossible, Madam. Fanwood, I want help on deck. The yacht must carry sail whether she will or not. With the maintopsail, spanker and foretopmast staysail on her, I think she'll skim up the shore in fairly smooth water. The boy's a born sailor, but he isn't strong. You and Mr. Brimm come up."

"No, I won't. Why didn't you wait for the thailors?"

"I am unfamiliar with what you ask of me, sir," said Mr. Brimm. "Can you not dispense with my presence?"

"No, I cannot!" said Braisted angrily. "You ought to be ashamed. Afraid of getting wet, with women depending on you! Get up on deck, the pair of you! I've no time or patience to waste. Up with you!"

He collared Fanwood, shook him, and launched him toward the stairs. In transit, he lurched heavily against Miss Fleming, who was seated, and Braisted found grace to say, "I beg your pardon, Miss Fleming." Then he turned to Mr. Brimm. "Will you go?" he asked in that ominous, high-pitched voice.

"No, sir; I will not."

Braisted picked up a chair and held it poised above his head. "I can conquer you and carry you up," he said, "but, as I told you, I haven't time. Start—quickly—or I'll——"

But before he could finish the sentence Mr. Brimm had scurried up the companionway and joined Fanwood on deck.

"If I catch you two soldiering any more to-night I'll have no mercy on you; now clap on to that spanker outhaul," called Braisted as he emerged from the companionway.

With their united strength they set the sail, and when Braisted had trimmed the sheet he drove them forward to flatten down the forestaysail, which was shaking dangerously from the yacht's closer angle to the wind. But it was not close enough, and the leeway was more than the headway. So, after pointing the yards—Braisted slacking away, and the boy finding the lee braces for the others—they set the maintrysail; then Braisted climbed and loosed the maintopsail, descended to help on the reef-tackles—for the yacht was scuppers under now, and he feared to carry the whole sail—and, with much menacing with a whiteash heaver, hailed the two landsmen aloft to reef. As for Braisted, the spirit of the sea was upon him, and he justified himself by the ethics of his old calling—which takes no regard of personal feelings when work is to be done—and by the fact that below was a haughty and disdainful young woman who, when he entered the cabin, had appealed to him—with her eyes—but had given him scorn when he threw Fanwood at her.

On the yard he did most of the work, for even the courageous and quick-witted boy was too much bewildered by the surroundings to do more than knot reef-points after Braisted, by main strength, had passed the earings; and the other two, though they had gone out on the foot-rope to escape the proddings of Braisted's heaver, while there had surrendered completely to the terrors of the night—the black void beneath, the furious buffeting of wind and horizontal rain, the humming in their ears which prevented their understanding Braisted's roaring orders, and their unstable foothold on a slippery rope which slanted at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Braisted pushed them along to the rigging on his way to the lee earing, and left them there while he and the boy finished the job. Then they all descended, hauled home the sheets with a watch-tackle, and hoisted the yard by means of the windlass.

With the helm a-lee, the little ship now luffed, lost way, fell off and gathered it, swinging within three points of the compass; and Braisted, satisfied with her balance, put the boy—who said he could steer—at the wheel to steady her, hove the log with the aid of the others, and went below to the chart, which showed him that if the wind held as it was the yacht's drift and headway would take her clear of the outermost of the Bahama shoals. But what content might have come to him from this was nullified by the discovery that his small store of tobacco was ruined by the salt spindrift picked up by the wind. He was wet, tired and chilled, and wanted a smoke. A thorough search brought none to light in the sailing-master's room; neither was there any in the Mate's apartment, and with a heartfelt malediction on Fanwood he marked the log-book up to date and went on deck.

"Fanwood and dad have gone down," said Eugene, as he joined him.

"All right. Let 'em stay there. Go down yourself, boy, and close all deadlights. Then change your clothes and get oilskins on, if you've got 'em. I'll want you on deck for a lookout. You can sleep to-morrow. Tell the women we're all right, and that they can safely turn in."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the boy, proud of the trust in him, as he relinquished the wheel.

"Deadlights all closed," he reported when he appeared, clad in yellow oilskins. "Don't you want some dry clothes, sir? Lots aboard."

Braisted did not. He wanted tobacco, and wanted it tenfold because he could not get it. And so he suffered through the night in his thin outing suit, for the wind now blew cold, and listened to such comment as Eugene, keeping watch beside him, could deliver over the noise of the wind and sea. Part of this comment was upon the fact that a "fat fool like Fanwood should dare aspire to a level-headed girl like Mabel Fleming."

As Braisted had been guilty of the same ambition, and as fellow-feeling does not always conduce to sympathy, his attitude toward Fanwood became such as to frighten that gentleman into speechless and immediate compliance with his wishes. When he appeared after breakfast, and hesitatingly inquired of the bareheaded, bedraggled and disheveled man at the wheel as to the yacht's destination, he was not answered, but was sternly ordered to see that his meals were cooked, and served—hot—on the dining-room table. Fanwood hastened to obey, and as his mother virtuously and indignantly refused to cook for "the brute," and as Mrs. Fleming was ill from the excitement, the duty devolved upon her daughter; but Braisted did not know this.

The call to breakfast came from the boy when he relieved him at the wheel, and as the naturally embarrassed young woman failed to hear and respond to his half-hearted "good-morning" when they met at the companionway, he ascribed the failure to a personal animus, and thenceforth ignored her presence. But he was keenly alive to the presence of the others. He directed Fanwood, under penalty of a rope's-ending, to search the ship for tobacco, and on Fanwood's reporting later that there was none to be found, berated him luridly.

To Mrs. Fleming, when she appeared on deck, supported by her daughter, he deprecated almost pathetically the inhuman tyranny that would deprive a sailor of tobacco, and when Mrs. Fanwood responded, argued with her on questions ranging from social ethics to seamanship. In this dispute he was forced to yield the last word; for the lady, clad in a warm, though condemned, fur-lined circular, suffered no diminution of her extensive vocabulary, while Braisted, weakened from fatigue and want of sleep, drenched to the skin, blue about the lips, shivering with cold, had entered the dispute only from extreme irritation.

The boy came up at noon, and would have remained through the day, but Braisted, after another well-cooked meal, sent him back, saying that he would need him all night.

The wind had gradually veered to the north, and immense gray combers were coming down the coast, lifting the small vessel to the full pressure of the blast on their crests, and dropping her deep in the hollows, where the becalmed maintopsail flapped idly against the mast. The land to the west was a thin line of blue, and to the east a rising island threatened danger.

—they had gone out on the foot-rope to escape the proddings of Braisted's heaver

At supper-time Braisted had decided to wear ship, and had taken cross-bearings as an aid to his future reckoning, when a sudden backing of the wind to the northwest induced him to hold the ship on the port tack pending developments.

At ten o'clock they came—a blast of icy wind out of the northeast that nearly caught the ship aback, and as she payed off, a beam sea that threw the little craft nearly on her beam ends and occasionally swamped her. It was imperative now that she be put on the other tack, and, expecting trouble with his crew, Braisted gave the wheel to the boy and sent a thundering "Wear ship" down the companionway.

There was no direct response, and he descended. Excepting Miss Fleming, they were all there. The cabin table had fetched away and with the chairs was down to leeward, while in the cleared space men and women alike stood quaking in frank fear. Braisted drove the two men on deck, voicing his opinion of them in severe language, and citing to Mr. Brimm the manly conduct of Eugene as an example to recreant fatherhood. He put them at the weather braces, and the boy to leeward to slack away. Then by skillful steering before the wind he aided them in swinging the yards, attending to the spanker himself, after grinding the wheel down to round to. While in this position—the ship nearly in the trough, the spanker jibed and straining on the sheet, and the wheel lashed down—a great gray wall lifted up in the darkness on the starboard quarter, dropped aboard, and washed Braisted to the mizzen rigging, to which he clung. As the sea crashed over the yacht, a figure in a fur-lined circular, just emerging from the companionway, was also caught, upset, and shot head-first and face-downward half through the bars of the low brass railing which extended from bow to stern. Braisted heard a gasping scream, and struggled to the spot just in time to catch a firm grip on a plump ankle before another sea rolled over the ship.

"Take the wheel, boy," he roared. "Steady her—by the wind."

He heard the boy's answer, and heard him speeding aft in the darkness. Then, securing the other ankle, he exerted his strength, and landed his catch, a bedraggled heap, on the deck. Inserting his fingers into the tightly buttoned collar, he lifted her to her feet, and marched her, still choking and gasping, to the companionway.

"Now, then," he shouted in her ear as he pushed her down, "I've saved your life. Let me alone after this. Get off the deck, and stay off!"

Eugene, still at the wheel, had the yacht under command. Leaving him there, he trimmed over the foretopmast staysail sheet, and with the help of the others pointed the yards to the wind. Then he sent them down, complaining bitterly of his brutality. The yacht now took the head sea easily, and as Braisted seated himself for a few moments' rest on the cabin trunk, Mrs. Fleming came up and approached him.

"I have been—this has come to light, Mr. Braisted," she said; "will you accept it? It is apparent that you need it." She handed him a package of tobacco.

"Bless you for this, Mrs. Fleming!" he answered, rising eagerly. "Yes—thank you! Thank you ever so much! I can smoke my pipe now. It's nearly twenty-four hours since I've had a smoke."

Mrs. Fleming went below, and Braisted lighted his pipe in the galley, coming back to tell the boy all about it, and to violate the traditions of the sea by smoking at the wheel. Although the tobacco almost flamed in the fierce wind, and the hot smoke burned the tongue of the smoker, it was blessed tobacco he was consuming. Thus they steered, watched and talked through the night, cementing for life the friendship begun in the sympathy of the youth, and which only their common tastes, likes and dislikes made possible. And Braisted, magnanimous from his victory over the elements, was at peace with the world, even though he had been on his feet for forty-eight hours, and carried a rime of white salt on his hair, eyebrows and mustache. He called down blessings on Mrs. Fleming; he forgave Fanwood—and his mother—and Mr. Brimm—yes, and the girl, whom he loved in spite of himself, even though she had called him a nuisance.

"She can't, by any possible excuse," he mused, "call me that again."

But she did.

And though he had forgiven Mrs. Fanwood, that lady had not forgiven him. As he had predicted, the wind moderated before morning, and he and the boy shook out the reef and put the sails on, one after the other. At breakfast time the party came up, and Braisted, examining the nearby coast with the binoculars, found Mrs. Fanwood at his elbow.

"So," she snapped, "I am to get off the deck and stay off, am I? I heard that much—I heard that, you low-bred rowdy! I'll see if there is law in the land for you!" And down below she flounced before he could reply.

Nor had Mr. Brimm forgiven him. As Braisted stood, keeping the yacht on her course, that gentleman, while the others were out of hearing, approached with emotion in his face that had not shown when being disciplined.

"There are certain requirements, sir," he said haltingly, "in the way of consideration for others' rights which, of course, none but a gentleman may understand. But there is law in the land, and, believe me, sir, in spite of your brutal mastery of the sailor's calling, and the service you have undoubtedly done this party of people, the law is intended to restrict such practices as you are guilty of; and if, by chance, we meet again, I shall esteem it my duty to my fellow-men to give you all the rope necessary, and, when you have convicted yourself, to invoke this law as quickly as possible."

"What are you driving at?" asked Braisted in amazement.

"I think I have said all that is needful. Good-morning."

If Fanwood forgave him, he gave no sign. The emergency past, Braisted moderated his voice and manner, and Fanwood need not have crept about the deck of his own yacht, too frightened to speak—of the law, or other matters.

A meridian observation gave Braisted his latitude at noon, and under a smiling sky the little yacht crept toward St. Augustine Inlet, picked up a tug at the entrance, and was towed up to the city. Braisted and the boy clewed up the sails on the way, letting them hang in the buntlines, and when the yacht was docked, Braisted sent a telegram for his trunk, and collapsed, staggering to the sailing-master's room like a drunken man.

He had been awake sixty hours, and so he slept until nine o'clock of the following morning, waking at the sound of a trunk being rolled into the room by a man who said he was the newly engaged ship-keeper. He was stiff and sore from the exposure; but a hot soaking and rubbing down in Fanwood's bathroom freshened him, and fresh clothing gave him the appearance of a gentleman, though he may not have felt that he had earned the title. As he gained the deck, the ship-keeper informed him that his breakfast was in the dining-room.

"The leddy heard ye movin', sir, an' got it ready," he said.

Braisted ate it alone, wondering who had cooked it; then rising, and starting for the companionway, faced Miss Fleming, standing in the after doorway.

"Good-morning, Mr. Braisted," she said, with a tremor in her voice. "Mother is still in her room—too ill to rise; and the others have gone ashore. There was no one but me to cook your breakfast."

"I thank you, Miss Fleming," he answered, as he bowed courteously. "It was a good breakfast, and I enjoyed it. And it must be, from the familiar taste of the coffee, that I have eaten your cooking before." He wondered where his old fear of this girl had gone.

"You had to have food," she said with a little smile, "or you could not have done what you did—big and strong and brave as you are. And all the others but Eugene were against you."

"All the others," he repeated vacantly.

"All but Eugene and myself. Can't you see?" She advanced, flushed in the face, and nervously fingered the rumpled cloth upon the table before her. "Can't you see that I want to be forgiven? I would not leave the yacht, hoping to talk with you. Didn't you know? But everything went wrong. I know I made a face when Mr. Fanwood stepped on my toes; I didn't mean to. And you never looked at me again. I never forgot your face, John, when you went away—and never came back. And since then I've learned to think differently about some things."

"And I've lost all my self-respect," she went on, half crying, "or I should not be saying these things. Yes, everything that I denounced in you, except the smoking habit, I possess myself. I am without moral fibre; I took the tobacco from Mr. Brimm's room. I thought he might have forgotten to throw it all away; so I went back to the gentlemen's cabin while he was at dinner and found some. I feared Mr. Brimm might suspect me, and so I told him that I had seen you come out of his room. I knew he couldn't hurt you, and that you wouldn't care. You don't, do you? He certainly must think you stole it."

"He does," said Braisted with an abandoned grin, "and threatens law."

"And then," went on the girl, with downcast eyes, "I came up to give it to you—I was going to force you to speak to me—and to keep dry I put on Mrs. Fanwood's circular, and I wouldn't let the tobacco get wet, so I couldn't save myself, but you did, and——"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Braisted. "Was that you?"

"Didn't I look ridiculous—pulled feet first through a fence? Yes, and you were terribly rude, and she'll never forgive you, for she heard you, and knew you thought that I was she. Mr. Braisted—please—stop—I'll call mother. I will. Please don't. Oh, you are a nuisance!"

But the man had got his arm around her waist, and kissed her.

(THE END)

NEW YORK SOCIETY · AN INSIDE VIEW

By Mrs Burton Harrison

IN THE face of the luxurious displays of modern New York society at which the whole world blinks astonished, we are in danger of forgetting that things were ever otherwise among us.

The young diners-out of this generation accept as a matter of course the banquets, almost nightly during the season, of twenty or thirty guests assembled in great rooms paneled in priceless carvings and hung with tapestries of mythic age and incredible value. Our boys and girls are not in the least perturbed by the constant circling around them at these feasts of a procession of flunkies in the livery of the household, bearing dishes concocted by a private chef whose wages often surpass the yearly gains of the University-bred and highly specialized young professional men seated at the table.

One curious in such matters might be amused to compute the cost of the entertainment of a night, enjoyed repeatedly by any one of the much-invited favorites of society.

Take the dinner with its costly delicacies, wines and flowers, at so much per head; add to that a seat in a portière box at the opera afterward; and go on to the ball or cotillon where the money lavished upon decorations, music, supper at little tables, toilettes and jewels represents an aggregation of opulence almost incredible to the outsider. Each individual guest's share of it is—what?

❧

No wonder the hospitable intentions of minor entertainers are curbed in view of this oft-repeated menu of pleasures elsewhere. From Christmas till Lent it goes on continuously; during Lent the dinners and the opera know no cessation; and the tale is taken up again at Newport in the summer. The special entertainments scattered along throughout the year tax ingenuity and demand lavish expenditure; every hostess tries to outdo the others in originality of invention for the bedazzlement of her guests.

Quiet people who recall the New York of earlier days, and shared in its social diversions then as now, may well stand back in astonishment at our swift advance in luxury. The new society recruited from the nurseries of a period not so long syne hardly credits the recent date of the advance in extravagances it so readily assimilates.

These sated young people, brought up to sip the froth from the wine of the present, smile at pictures drawn for them by some veteran of society of the New York of sixty years ago, when some of the solid business men of the city, founders of princely fortunes of today, actually slept and lived over their shops. It seems "quaint" to think of these same men being willing to retire from business when they had by diligence amassed $100,000. And how "droll" to hear of entertainments taking the form of church sociables, or evenings at home with games around the fireside, and apples and crullers handed in china baskets! But then, anything that happened sixty years ago is dignified by the lapse of time.

Talk to this generation of the social practices of average people of good society during the time just after the war between the States, and see them look compassionately upon their elders who knew no better than to be content with such half-way doings!

Truth to tell, few were the establishments of that date whose appointments and belongings would not seem meagre and commonplace to the wealthy class to-day. The young bride of a certain set whose indulgent parents are able to equip her with the "necessaries" of early married life has only ideas of an establishment on a par with the one she is leaving. Her first home must be wide, spacious, elegant in every part, and overstocked with servants. Her stables must have a variety of carriages, and horses for every emergency; she must also possess a country house equipped in similar fashion.

What would she, what could she say to the customs of young married folk of her station in 1867–70, when many of the fathers and mothers of her friends boarded in the country during the hot season, and came back to modest homes in winter, where a white-capped maid waited habitually upon the family table and a man hired in to serve a dinner-party represented rather a dashing venture in expenditure?

In those times the great houses wherein occurred the functions at which Mr. Sexton Brown, of Grace Church, held a flaming sword before the portal, were considered notable if a picture gallery formed the extension of the drawing and dining rooms.

The former house of the New York leader of society had a comparatively narrow entrance and a comfortably built but not imposing stairway. His dwelling to-day must possess a grandiose hall, broad, airy, lighted from the roof, with a magnificent soaring stairway of spotless marble for the use of those who do not care to enter the lift flashing up and down behind gilded gratings. The marble floor, strewn with fine Oriental rugs, is lined with palms and orange trees, the walls are covered with Venetian or Spanish leather, or tapestries.

In the old houses the dining-room was small, hung with a few choice pictures and decked with some good old specimens of ceramic art. Now it is a vast feudal-looking hall to which some artist of renown has lent all the cunning of his craft to preserve the harmony of mellow tints, the delightful sense of space, the sober magnificence of furniture and floor-covering. Then, the bedrooms, boudoirs, and upstairs sitting-rooms were pretty, cosy, perhaps luxuriously comfortable; now, they are separate schemes of decoration, like the suites of a palace abroad, almost too fine to whisper of comfort to the home-seeking wanderer.

The most marked difference between the two eras is indicated by domestic service. In the first period, a butler and one footman were all that were deemed essential for the establishment of a wealthy citizen. When it was a question of receiving company at dinner, black-coated waiters of the ordinary stripe were brought in to supply deficiencies, and vanished like ghosts in the night.

Now the myrmidons who stand in ranks on either side of the hallway, when dinner guests are ushered in, belong to the house and fitly sustain its glories. All the other departments of the fashionable dwelling belowstairs are filled like a honeycomb with bees. The multiplication of alien servants who quarrel incessantly is a serious clog upon the wheels of household happiness. No mistress, however wrapped in the cotton-wool of wealth and high place, can be indifferent to the seething discontent, the perpetual warfare of the under world in her employ. The absolute lack in America of the habit of coalescence among servants, such as, no matter what their shortcomings, still keeps the same class together in English homes, is painfully apparent here.

❧

More and more as the years press us toward a new century, one wonders if our wealthy "leisure class," who make a business of pleasure and raise themselves up to be gaped at by all the newspaper readers in the land, are ever going to cease to find satisfying delight in material things? There are so many grand, brand-new houses, with fluttered, happy hostesses emerging from the chrysalis of old brownstone fronts to spread their wings in radiant palaces—so much to see and praise, exclaim over; and so little rest for the sated eye and brain! Who could refuse to admire the picture presented by a group of graceful, admirably gowned and bejeweled women, clustered, after dinner, with their coffee cups in hand, in one of these recent vast salons still shining from the hand of the artificer? It is all so striking, harmonious, well-set, artistically posed; it represents our society in the very meridian of latter-day prosperity and astounding superficial gloss. But one comes away from it a little weary and a trifle sad, vaguely wondering why this is the best we can turn out.

❧

Once upon a time "the minister and a few friends" went to dine with dear old Puritan Judge Sewall, in his Salem home, and the diarist thus describes the occasion:

> "'Tis the first time he has been at our new house with his new wife, and was much pleased with our painted shutters; in pleasancy said he thought he had got into Paradise."

An anecdote that in this connection goes indisputably to prove the degeneracy of modern taste!

There is no use in moralizing about our present conditions of "high society"; such as they are, we must accept them. The business of pleasure, of display, of expenditure, has its part to play in the world, like any other vocation; and its benefit to thousands of employees whose trades languish in a dull season must be reckoned its excuse for being. The most curious speculation that arises from a passing study of the subject is, What are the qualifications entitling aspirants to be a part of the body corporate, so much discussed in our country that its movements are of national interest. Certain it is that mere wealth does not suffice as an "open sesame"; for there are grand houses by the dozen, gone up and going up, of which the owners are totally unknown to the "smart" world, and likely to remain so.

Old family and distinguished lineage counts for something in all societies of the civilized world; but it means little here, unless backed by the money requisite for entertaining. Give-and-take is the motto of the social mart. Intellectual accomplishment, wit, spiritual graces, are not overlooked, but are second to material display. Ten years ago this state of things was noticeable; now it slaps one in the face.

The pride of life, of fine clothes, houses, equipages, of ability to move about the globe in the most exclusive manner in great yachts and private cars, to command the best that all other countries have to sell, is the chief characteristic of our leaders. Yet their number is not large, and their circle not elastic. Push and audacity of individuals make little impression on it, and the elect continue to hold themselves seriously aloof, looking upon certain attempts to enter into their intimacy with the far-away gaze of those born to the purple.

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I think perhaps the best explanation of this attitude is that life in New York goes on so rushingly, is so crowded with detail, that fashionable people have no time to investigate what lies beyond their borders, and are too weary to take on new cares of visiting acquaintance. Some bold, brave woman, panoplied with wealth and tact, ought to start a new Society of the Chosen, and let it run counter to the present one. There is plenty of room for, and material to overflowing with which to create, one or two new Four Hundreds since that revered body melted into the realm of shades whence it came. The spectacle of the contending forces would be refreshing to gods and men!

There is one side of "smart" society in New York to which in all seriousness I would pay tribute of admiration and profound respect. It is the unfailing and ever-flowing fountain of benefaction toward the poor and sick of our own city and elsewhere. The householders cited so often in the newspapers as giving balls and dinners, and owning opera boxes, and yachts, and four-in-hands, and palaces in town and country, are also noble contributors to deserving charities. They build and equip hospitals and model lodging-houses and dispensaries; fit up farm-houses in the rural districts of New England and along the Atlantic seaboard near New York to which children of the poor are sent, and where they are maintained during a yearly holiday; and do their full share in sustaining already established works for the good of humanity.

Their wives contribute individually to numerous subscription lists; their daughters go into the tenement houses and do service with their own hands to the ailing and destitute. After every famous wedding and reception and ball, the flowers that have made fairyland for the guests are straightway dispatched to gladden the eyes of dwellers in hospitals or isolated sickrooms. And if fashionable charities and the workers therein are occasionally open to animadversion from over-sensitive critics, it must be owned that the results accomplished are enormous—far-reaching in benefit, splendid in success. The common question whether it is the vogue of the thing or real humanity that inspires the workers is the pettiest of carping, in view of the many thousands of dollars yearly raised and sent where they are needed.

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As to the consideration of moral tone among the people of social consequence now in New York, in spite of a few conspicuous examples of defiance of public opinion, there is more observance of old-time propriety of life and demeanor than in the same class in any other social centre of the world. This condition would naturally obtain in families where the cult of children is made of the first importance, as with us. The American trait, so much laughed at by foreign commentators, of putting our children from the time of birth into the front rank of our thoughts, efforts and conversation, has, as a conservator of the marriage tie, a very remarkable power.

In New York we have very few idle, dissipated, work-renouncing "chappies," who lounge in club windows and never go downtown to the busy haunts of their fellows. The result of this excellent condition of things was shown signally and brilliantly, in the late war with Spain, by some of our bravest, most enduring volunteers, taken from what is supposedly the wealthy leisure class of New York's society. Some of them sleep in soldiers' graves; some are still wearily working out of their systems the insidious malaria of the tropics; some carry wounds that will weaken them for life; others who have escaped disaster are back, bearing themselves modestly and well in their old places in town. More than one of these has been heard to lament the exchange from army life to the dull splendors of the whirligig we call society.

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And so, take it all in all, the future of our land is, perhaps, not seriously menaced by the existence and exercises of a small inner circle that has, in theory, no right to exist in an overgrown democracy. The trouble is, that our people are fain to give it more deference than the English, or any of the Continental European peoples, bestow on even their reigning family.